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a show-down, as the poker-players say. But whether they consent or do not, we find it extremely hard to imagine them as ever paying any more indemnity than they have themselves decided is fair and proper.

OUR good neighbour the *New York Times* is anxious about the high cost of government, especially about the item of \$1,100 million that is budgeted for the Army and Navy. The *Times* points out that this item alone is more than the total cost of the Federal Government before the war; whereas now it is a trifle over one-quarter of the estimated total. "Who," asks our neighbour, indignantly, "is responsible for that enormous outlay for military purposes? . . . Have we done anything to forfeit the friendship of other nations, to make us suspicious of them or them of us? Have we in any way failed to draw nearer to the other nations upon a basis of firm friendship and understanding that would put war out of the question?" Here is a holy simplicity that makes one wonder whether the editorial writers of the *Times* live in the same world with their associates on the telegraph desks, or whether they ever read the foreign exchanges taken in by their excellent paper. At a time when we are everyone's creditor and have not a single friend among all the Governments of the world, these rhetorical questions of the *Times* sound like a stray note from Pan's pipes in Arcady.

In its concern for just and equitable taxation, the *Times* takes Secretary Mellon to task for most of his recommendations to the Congress, and very properly, since they are as preposterous and unscientific as our whole fiscal system itself. What chiefly annoys the *Times*, however, is the Secretary's refusal to recommend the great new nostrum recently put forward to hoodwink the country, the general tax on sales. According to the *Times* the "business men of the country who have studied this question for months" believe that the sales-tax is the thing, both from the standpoint of fairness and productivity. This is news to us, but we will take our neighbour's word for it. The principal advocates of the sales-tax, as far as we have heard, are bankers and others who are business men only by courtesy-title, since they get more out of privilege than they get out of business. The *Times* ends by saying that the sales-tax "would relieve the wage-earner from the much heavier passed-on profits-tax; it would weigh more lightly upon him than any system based upon the principle of getting the bulk of the total revenue from a few sources. The country is coming to the sales-tax; it might as well adopt it now and make an end of groping and experiments."

Good heavens, here we are back once more at the same old line of humbug that used to be spouted about the income-tax. Twenty years ago we were told that a Federal income-tax would be a godsend to the wage-earner in relieving him from grosser forms of pilferage, and that the poor and oppressed throughout the land would rise up and bless it. The country was coming to the income-tax; well, it finally came, and if the wage-earner is much relieved or the poor and oppressed are celebrating the great deliverance, they are keeping uncommonly quiet about it. So now, the country is coming to the sales-tax. We are for it, on one condition. We will join forces with the *Times* in urging it on Mr. Mellon, if the *Times* will go with us in one little detail

CURRENT COMMENT.

A WEEK's progress of the tragi-comedy involving Germany, the Allied Powers and the United States has supplied considerable confirmation of the guess that we hazarded in our last issue. M. Briand and Mr. Lloyd George have done a great deal of most valorous talking, and have gotten up a dazzling display of troops in motion towards the Ruhr; thereby spiking the guns, for the time being, of Brother Poincaré and his irreconcilables. Thereby also they have distracted attention from the rather liberal concessions made to Germany in the last communication from the Allied Powers. Mr. Hughes has loyally stuck in his oar with an exhortation to Germany to accept the proposals of the Allied Powers and begin forthwith to pay up. Thus the stock of the French and British Governments, particularly the former, ought to be strengthened a bit among their own peoples. If the Germans consent to the terms and if they do not default on their payments, M. Briand may reasonably look for a longer lease of political life. Why they should do either the one or the other is not clear; and we can discern no reason why they should do both.

OUR notion is that the German Government will continue to test out the theory of force without stint or limit, since it is in an excellent position to do so by continuing the policy of alternate "stalling" and defaulting which it has employed so dexterously since the peace conference. The Germans are quite as well aware as anybody that occupation of the Ruhr valley will cost more than it comes to; that as some one the other day remarked with Yankee wit, not all the military power in the world "can get beefsteak and milk from the same cow." Hence, in the face of demonstrations such as are now being made against them, they can afford to be phlegmatic. They know the exigencies of politics and can see the peculiar difficulties that beset their chief opponents. They know that, what with dire national poverty, debt, high taxation, unemployment, no trade, and a ripe crop of colonial problems, the Allied Governments are hanging by an extremely slender thread. They know, furthermore, that time is in their favour and heavily against their adversaries. Under these circumstances, we expect to see them take full advantage of their situation. Whether or not they will deem it best to consent to the new terms, we do not know; they may think that the time has come for

concerning the mode of collecting the tax. Let Mr. Mellon put up a tax-box, like the alms-box in a church, in every store in the country, and let the clerks see that each customer, after making his purchases, puts with his own hand the amount of the tax, in currency, into the box. That is all. If Mr. Mellon will do that, we shall be satisfied, nay, delighted, to see the sales-tax bear down upon us in all its glory; and the sooner the better.

THOSE "business men" whose testimony is adduced by the *Times*, must be odd chaps. Most business men that we know want to do more business instead of less, and to this end would be for increasing the volume of general business in the country instead of slacking it off. At this time especially, one would think that if a business man were in his right mind he would want to stimulate buying and not to check it by a sales-tax. Buying is slow enough as it is. Let us put this matter of the sales-tax in a few plain words. A Government will spend all that the tax-gatherer can get together; as little as possible for public good, and as much as possible for its privileged beneficiaries. That accounts, for instance, for that item of \$1,100 million for our Army and Navy; and when you find the privileged interests of the country willing to see it pared down, you will catch a weasel asleep. The tax-gatherer must levy as hard as possible on industry and production and as lightly as possible on privilege. Thus, as we have remarked, while land-values and industrial values in the United States stand about equal at \$140 billion each, the latter pay four billion dollars in taxation for all purposes, and the former only \$600 million. The problem of the tax-gatherer to-day is how to keep his hands off privilege in the face of a demand for more money than industry and production can furnish.

THAT is why Mr. Mellon is in such a peck of trouble. Taxing industry and production is a continuous game of "outrunning the constable," and when the demands are uncommonly heavy, as they now are, industry and productive enterprise either slump down under it or take to cover. Thus we see that Mr. Mellon's precious income-tax and excess-profits tax have netted him nearly \$140 million less this March than last March, and for the period from 1 July to 1 April they brought him over \$520 million less than in the corresponding period of last year. Our only wonder is that the revenue from these taxes has not declined more rapidly than it has. We should like to see *bona-fide* industry and productive enterprise wake up and demand that privilege should carry its share of the load. Easily ninety per cent of the Federal revenue is spent on maintaining the integrity of privilege, and it is doubtful whether privilege contributes more than ten per cent of that revenue. For those who like that sort of thing, we suppose it is probably about the sort of thing they like; and if American industry and enterprise wish to grin and bear it, we do not see why we should expostulate with such exemplary patience. If we were an industrialist, however, one of those desk-pounding supermen whom we have been brought up to reverence, the public and the Government would hear from us on this subject, to the accompaniment of music from the entire orchestra.

FOR those who believe that war is a disease which will eventually develop its own antitoxin, the accounts of the French celebration of the Napoleonic centenary must be somewhat disconcerting. There is death and the memory of death everywhere in France to-day, and yet the country has just pulled itself together, officially, for two days' obeisance before the tomb of the man whose name stands more than any other from Hannibal to Hindenburg for professional war, with no excuse and no object at the last but the glory of conquest and the spoils of victory. To Napoleon as conservator of some of the liberties of the Revolution, France might afford to pay her respects; but it is not the memory of this Napoleon that has set the troops marching along the Champs Elysées, and the guns booming once more at the Invalides. The celebration has

been essentially a military one, with pomp and circumstance and no thought for Moscow, once burned and today rebuilt upon a plan that the military mind can scarcely find much comfort in.

MARSHAL FOCH used the close of the celebration as the occasion for an extravagant encomium upon the military genius of the little Corporal: "Your masterly lessons, your authoritative work, remain unparalleled examples. By studying them the art of war becomes each day greater." The Marshal should know; he has had a good deal to do with war during the past four years, and we should not presume to take issue with him on that point. Our interest in his speech does not centre in this statement but in another which, it seems to us, the Marshal himself, and the politicians of France, might do well to consider in connexion with their present policy towards Germany: "... it was by arms that he wished to settle the fate of peoples, as if one can bring happiness to a nation from a succession of victories dearly bought, as if a people can live on glory and not by work, as if defeated nations, their independence crippled, should not raise themselves up one day to reconquer it and bring forth armies strong in numbers and in faith in their cause; as if in the civilized world right should not prevail over power based solely on force." Marshal Foch says this of the man who was more directly responsible than anyone else for German unity and German military power. France has already paid a high price for Napoleon's oppression of the Central European States, and contemplation of her present condition reminds one of what a misfortune it is that politicians and militarists are congenitally blind to the lessons of history.

HISTORY is always interesting, no matter where one strikes into it. Certain events of the week have sent us back to a little diplomatic correspondence that took place in the midst of the great war for liberty, democracy, self-determination and the rights of small nations. On 24 February, 1916, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonov, telegraphed as follows: "We are ready to leave complete liberty to France and England for determination of the Western frontiers of Germany, believing that in their turn the Allies will leave us an equal liberty for the fixation of our frontiers with Germany and Austria. We must particularly insist upon the exclusion [from inter-Allied discussion] of the Polish question and on the elimination of all attempts to place the future of Poland under guaranty and control of the Allied Powers." This genial little dicker was arranged somewhat more than a year before this country entered the war. We wonder whether anyone in the United States Congress knew of it.

THEN again, on 1 February, 1917, Sazonov's successor, Pokrovsky, wrote a note to the French Ambassador, acknowledging receipt of the following demands which France proposed to incorporate in the terms of the peace treaty: "First, Alsace and Lorraine to be restored to France. Second, to be included in French territory all the metallurgic basin of Lorraine, and all the coal-basin of the valley of the Saar. Third, other territories on the left bank of the Rhine, which are at present part of the German Empire, to be completely separated from the latter Empire and freed from all political and economic dependence on Germany. Fourth, the territories on the left bank of the Rhine not to be included in French territory to constitute an autonomous and neutral State, and to be occupied by French troops as long as Germany shall not have complied with the whole of the conditions in the proposed peace treaty." This arrangement was agreed to by the Russian Foreign Office two months before this country entered the war. We wonder whether anyone in the United States knew about it, or whether President Wilson knew about it even when he sailed for Paris. Is it not interesting to see how much more closely the "settlement of Europe" now fits the terms set forth in these notes of Sazonov and Pokrovsky than it fits the terms of the Fourteen Points?

IN common with most of the readers of this paper we missed a treat last week by not being present at the dinner when our new Ambassador to London so eloquently bade this insipidated land farewell for a brief season. But we can picture the scene; the friendly guests, the savoury baked meats, the speeches, the flags and the music and the ice clinking in the glasses of spring water, and the gallant Colonel's eye in a fine frenzy rolling as in the spirit of prophecy he predicted that President Harding's genius for co-operation would "fetch the entire English-speaking race into harmonious relationship so nearly perfect, both materially and spiritually, that all mankind would realize in the near future that there was more power and glory in 'Lead, Kindly Light' than in all the fighting anthems of the world." Without a doubt these noble words will find a responsive echo in the heart of the British Premier—they are indeed in the best Lloyd George vein—and we may confidently expect to hear before long of the Ambassador and the Premier making a duet of it in No. 10 Downing Street or at Mr. J. P. Morgan's old London home as the clouds of confusion worse confounded gather around them:

Lead, kindly light,
Amid the encircling gloom . . .

TIME was when the man in the street was on the whole a well-fed, decently clothed, cheerful individual who used the public highways chiefly as a pedestrian on his way to and from a safe and comfortable job; but in these hard times of strikes and unemployment the man in the street is coming to be quite another kind of person—hungry, shabby, idle and ill-tempered. In England the streets are crowded with more than two million of him (more than twice as many of him, in fact, as were killed in the war), and under the stress of his empty stomach he appears to be doing quite a little original thinking. He is recalling for instance the slogans by which he has been jollied along in recent years: 1914, "The Rights of Small Nations"; 1915, "Your King and Country Need You"; 1916, "No Price too high when Honour and Freedom are at Stake"; 1917, "Equality of Sacrifice"; 1918, "The World Safe for Democracy"; 1919, "A Land Fit for Heroes to Live in"; 1920, "Let's Get Together"; and now the latest, the slogan for 1921, "Emigrate." He remembers, too, another popular phrase which did duty for awhile in 1918, "They will cheat you yet, those Junkers," and lo! the new man in the street is beginning to see a different and more local and intimate meaning in those words of warning than he had formerly suspected.

THIS paper would like to suggest to those zealous authorities who are bent upon preserving the public from contact with new ideas—or any ideas to speak of—that they will find in English history a precedent for legislation which should be of immense value in their anti-idea crusade. In 1665 the British Parliament passed the Five-Mile Act, which forbade nonconformist ministers to preach or to reside within five miles of any borough. Obviously, with such dangerous present-day nonconformists as Dr. John Haynes Holmes aspiring to quote Mr. H. G. Wells to nonconformist audiences in our public-school buildings, something of the sort should be done here and done quickly. The Board of Education of the City of New York has done its patriotic duty, and done it with becoming promptness, by refusing to allow Dr. Holmes to speak in any school building in the city. But the jurisdiction of the board stops there. Dr. Holmes might still do irreparable damage to American morals by quoting Mr. Wells in a private hall around the corner. Obviously the present situation is impracticable; people who insist upon quoting from suspicious sources should be altogether barred from the city. Let us by all means have a Five-Mile Act of 1921 which will protect metropolitan morals by banishing people like Dr. Holmes to the wilds of Jersey, or forcing them to resort to Five-Mile floating forums outside the three-mile limit.

It is fortunate, in view of the nation-wide tie-up of traffic, that the shippers of building-materials who are trying to get freight-rates reduced to a point which will make transportation by rail practicable once more, have no illusions about the Interstate Commerce Commission. They are out for prompt action, and they informed the President that the situation is too urgent to await "the slow and expensive processes of appeal for relief through the Interstate Commerce Commission." The result was the arrangement of a joint conference between representatives of the shippers and representatives of the railway executives, to discuss cuts in rates and in prices of materials which would make it possible to get the building-industry out of the doldrums. This looks a little more hopeful than anything that has happened lately affecting transportation. Only railways can afford to appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Had the shippers looked for relief from that quarter it would have been slow and expensive no doubt; and more than this, owing to the Commission's fixed habit, it would have been more likely than not to take the form of another boost in rates.

IF Rip Van Winkle's sleep had endured until yesterday, it would still have been a short siesta by comparison with the slumber of "the wild man of Ramapo," recently discovered in the hills a few miles from New York City. The world seemed unfamiliar to old Rip's blinking eyes, but not so strange as the metropolis would be to this bushman of the suburbs. Indeed, such a human being would perhaps have found the society of Attila's army beyond his comprehension. In caves and cabins almost within sight of the towers of Manhattan, many families of this sort still live a life far more primitive than that of the ordinary Indian tribesmen. In some cases, the dens of these folk are situated in secluded valleys now thickly forested, but with here and there a gnarled old apple tree left by another tide of life that once flowed here, and ebbed again. As insistently as the ruins of Palmyra and Carthage, these places and these people remind us that civilization does not always hold within itself the powers of self-preservation and self-renewal.

IN the suggestion of Mr. William Jennings Bryan that the United States Government should purchase the island of Bimini to save Florida and the hinterland from the sin of bootlegging, we begin to guess at the implications of our moral leadership of the world. In less enlightened ages the Europeans crusaded for the Cross against the Crescent, why should not this age of progress witness another crusade starting from the New World to abolish sin? So long as we keep forging so far ahead of the rest of the world in moral excellence there will always be possibilities of contamination for our citizenry in the backward territories adjacent to these shores. To-day it is alcohol which lures us from the path of virtue, but to-morrow it may be tobacco, or even more deadly sins of the flesh, from which the reformers are doubtless preparing to rescue us. In the case of little islands like Bimini the contagion can be removed by the simple process of outright purchase. But there remain the territories of our larger neighbours, where sin flaunts itself unashamed and is a perpetual menace to our innocence. Only by the sword can these godless regions be redeemed, and the hosts of darkness vanquished by our impeccable. World power or moral downfall will be our slogan in the next war.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

OUR IGNOBLE SILENCE.

WHILE the Allied Governments are doing their best to keep Europe in a state of sterile ferment, movements of protest are gathering great strength among their peoples. An international manifesto was published during the last week in April, which is in some respects a notable document. It frankly condemns the treaty of Versailles, and demands a return to the Fourteen Points, reminding the Allied Governments that they, one and all, accepted the Fourteen Points as a basis for the future peace, and that the Central Powers had every right to expect a settlement substantially upon that basis. It reminds the Allied Governments that they have disappointed every expectation and deceived every hope, because while more than two years have now elapsed since the nominal end of the war, the world is nowhere at peace and nowhere have normal conditions of life been restored. The document ends by demanding a revision of the treaty by abrogation of the clauses calling for "ruinous and unworkable indemnities and other crippling economic conditions"; also an immediate and general reduction of armaments; the publication and registration of all treaties and understandings, with a repudiation by each Power of all secret understandings to which it may be at present committed; the honest application of the principle of self-determination, with safeguards for racial minorities; adequate credit to countries ruined by the war, accompanied and conditioned by a wide extension of freedom of trade.

This manifesto has at least the merit of pointing out the only way to peace and economic reconstruction, as lying through the nullification of the Versailles treaty. There is no doubt about this; as long as the treaty remains even nominally operative, there can be no improvement in the conditions of European life, industry and commerce. It is interesting to see by the signatures to the manifesto that this fact is becoming clear to all sorts and kinds of political opinion throughout Europe. The English signers, for example, include five peers of the realm, and three of them are Tories who could never be suspected of any leanings towards liberalism. The name of Sir Hubert Gough, Lord Mersey (who presided over the "Lusitania" inquiry) and the economist Sir George Paish, stand beside those of Messrs. Robert Smillie, Ben Turner and George Bernard Shaw.

All this is very well in its way, but it at once raises the question, Where do we come in? Among all the signatures to this manifesto, not one was American, nor has any similar document been promulgated in the United States. Is it not a little odd that the country which officially promulgated the Fourteen Points, the country which indulged itself in more sanctimonious blather about liberty, democracy and the peace of the world, than all the others put together—is it not a little odd that this country does not seem able to muster a corporal's guard of distinguished private citizens who are able to see what is paralysing the activities of the world, and who have the grit to state frankly what they see? It is not the Governments of Europe that need complain of America's relapse into the policy of splendid isolation; it is such plucky folk as were willing to sign this manifesto and put themselves on record against the devastating curse of officialdom. They are the ones who have a right to wonder what has become of all our inflamed and noisy interest in our ideals. Who cares what Mr. Lloyd George

thinks of Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes, or imagines for a moment that it represents anything, like posterity's collective verdict upon the ignoble silence of the United States? No, it is what the jurists, Lord Mersey and Lord Loreburn, think of Mr. Taft or of Mr. Roscoe Pound; what Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Israel Zangwill, men of letters, think of Mr. Paul Elmer More and Mr. Irving Babbitt; what the economist Paish, the soldiers Gough and Birdwood Thomson, the capitalist and ironmaster Bell, the socialist and labour-leader Smillie—all these names are on the manifesto—it is what these think, say, of Mr. Carver, of Generals Bliss and Pershing, of Judge Gary, of Mr. Samuel Gompers, that counts; for what they think in the premises is probably pretty near the collective judgment of the future.

Furthermore, the Versailles treaty is built upon and inspired throughout by the theory that Germany alone is guilty of bringing on the war. The treaty can not be vacated until that theory is dismissed. Now in view of what people at large, especially in the United States, have learned since the war, that theory is, to say the very least, debatable. The United States, by virtue of its geographical detachment and its freedom from hereditary entanglements, is in a position to furnish representatives who can make a candid examination of that theory, upon which so much depends. Yet as far as this paper is aware, nothing of the sort has been undertaken. The Heidelberg Association, through Prince Maximilian of Baden, has offered to meet representatives, whether politicians or men of letters and science, to discuss the evidence for Germany's sole responsibility and unite in a report on the subject. Commissions have come into being for this purpose throughout Europe, but as far as we are informed, the offer has found no takers in the United States. Acceptance of it entails no commitment of any kind, and subjects one to no dubious or difficult condition. So far, however, it has been passed by, unnoticed.

This paper is quite often asked for practical suggestions, so we here take pleasure in presenting two which we feel should interest everyone who cares for the preservation of America's intellectual integrity. First, we suggest the issuance of a protest similar to the international manifesto published in Europe at the end of last month. Then we suggest that a commission of responsible private citizens be formed to co-operate with the Heidelberg Association and similar commissions in Europe, in re-examining evidence for the theory upon which the Versailles treaty and the post-armistice policy of the Allied Powers are based: the theory that Germany is solely responsible for the war.

UP FROM SEA-SLAVERY.

LAST week, in commenting upon the seamen's strike, we remarked that the difficulty of the seamen is at bottom the same as that of the miners or the railwaymen, namely: the existence of a labour-surplus. There is, nevertheless, in the strike of the seamen an element which differentiates it fundamentally from the ordinary industrial strike. Under the law of the United States, alone of all countries, a seaman, in the terms of his employment, is a comparatively free man, and even in this country his freedom is so newly-won that usage has not yet had time to add its sanction to the law; no wonder then that he still feels insecure in the new status conferred upon him by the La Follette Seamen's Act. There exists so much misapprehension concerning the nature of the La Follette Act that it may be useful to outline the conditions which existed previous

to its passage (and still exist in other countries), and the provisions of the law as they relate to those conditions.

The miserable status of the seaman under the old law, and the humiliation it caused him to suffer are revealed in the following petition, adopted by American seamen in 1909 and endorsed by the European unions of seamen at an international conference in 1910. It is addressed "to those who govern nations, to those who make the laws, to humanitarians, democrats and friends of human freedom everywhere":

Existing maritime law makes of seamen, excepting in the domestic trade of the United States, the property of the vessel on which we sail. We can not work as seamen without signing a contract which brings us under the law. This contract is fixed by law or authorized by governments. We have nothing to do with its terms. We either sign it and sail, or we sign it not and remain landmen.

When signing this contract, we surrender our working power to the will of another man at all times while the contract runs. We may not, on pain of penal punishment, fail to join the vessel. We may not leave the vessel, though she is in perfect safety. We may not, without our master's permission, go to a mother's sick bed or funeral, or attend to any other duties of a son, a brother, a Christian, or a citizen, excepting in the domestic trade of the United States.

If the owner thinks he has reason to fear that we desire to escape, he may, without judicial investigation, cause us to be imprisoned for safe-keeping until he shall think proper to take us out. If we have escaped, he may publish our personal appearance along with a reward for our apprehension and return. He may, through contracts between nations, cause the peace officers and police to aid him in recovering his property. The Captain may change, the owner may change—we are sold with the vessel—but so long as the flag does not change, there is nothing except serious illness or our master's pleasure that will release us from the vessel. . . .

We stand in the same relation to the vessel as the serf did to the estate, as the slave to his master. When serfdom was abolished in Western Europe we were forgotten by the liberators and our status remained. When the slaves of the United States and Brazil were emancipated our status continued. When serfdom was abolished in Russia no change came to us.

We now raise our manacled hands in humble supplication and pray that the nations issue a decree of emancipation and restore to us our right as brother men; to our labour that honour which belonged to it until your power, expressing itself through your law, set upon it the brand of bondage in the interest of cheap transportation by water.

We respectfully submit that the serfdom of the men in our calling is of comparatively modern origin. Earlier maritime law bound, while in strange countries and climes, the seaman to his shipmates and the ship, and the ship to him, on the principle of common hazard. In his own country he, was free—the freest of men. We further humbly submit that, as the consciousness of the seaman's status penetrates through the population, it will be impossible to get freemen to send their sons into bondage or to induce freemen's sons to accept it, and we, in all candour, remind you that you, when you travel by water, expect us—the serfs—to exhibit in danger the highest qualities of freemen by giving our lives for your safety.

At sea the law of common hazard remains. There must be discipline and self-sacrifice, but in any harbour the vessel and you are safe, and we beseech you give to that freedom which you claim for yourself and which you have bestowed on others, to the end that we may be relieved of that bitterness of soul that is the heavy burden of him who knows and feels that his body is not his own.

There was, it is true, a period when the condition described in this petition was favourable as compared with the conditions of other workers. When other workers are slaves or serfs the man who works under a contract enforceable by imprisonment is comparatively a free man. In former times there were special reasons why the most skilled and courageous men were sought for as seamen. The shipowner was liable to the traveller and the shipper for damages not due to "acts of God" or "the public enemy." There was no way of insuring vessels; therefore the shipowner was

interested in seeing that his ship was manned by men with enough seamanship to bring it safely through storms, and enough courage to defend it from pirates and from rioters in foreign ports. He was compelled under the law of his country and by his own interest to carry a native crew.

During the nineteenth century all this was changed. A system of marine insurance was developed whereby the shipowner was relieved from the burden of possible losses at sea. Limited-liability laws were enacted, placing the main risk of travel on the passenger, and the main risk of transporting merchandise upon the shipper. Piracy was stopped, and losses from revolts or revolutions were, through international law, made collectable from the communities held responsible, while the laws requiring native crews were repealed, modified or disregarded. Being thus relieved of responsibility, the shipowner was no longer concerned with finding skilled men to handle his ships. It became his chief interest, like that of other employers, to get his labour as cheaply as possible. He did not hesitate to ship unskilled labourers as seamen, and even to make up his crews of foreigners whose standard of living was lower than that of his compatriots, and who would work for less money. It thus became a common thing for ships to be sent to sea with crews who had to take their orders through an interpreter. The increase in the number of shipwrecks which resulted from this indifference to the first principles of safety caused the shipowner little concern, for his vessel was insured, and his liability for loss of life and property reduced almost to the vanishing point.

Meanwhile the status of other workers shifted in practically every country of the world. Slavery and serfdom were abolished, and as the worker became free his wage increased. But the status of the seaman remained the same, while his wage, because he was obliged to compete with unskilled labour from all the countries of the world, became steadily lower. It is notable in this connexion that the Supreme Court of the United States by a decision rendered in 1896 declared that the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution had no application to seamen. Justice Harlan filed a dissenting opinion, which afterward resulted in the passage of a law abolishing the involuntary servitude of the seaman in the domestic trade; but in foreign commerce his condition was still that of a serf. If he deserted his vessel in a foreign port under any circumstances, the authorities of that country, by agreement with our government, were bound to apprehend him if possible and return him to his owner; while our authorities performed the same amiable service for foreign ships in American harbours.

This was the status of the seaman until June, 1916, under American law; for although the LaFollette Act was approved 4 March, 1915, a year was allowed for the abrogation of the treaties relating to the apprehension of deserting seamen. The Act is divided into two sections, one dealing with the status of the seaman and the conditions under which he shall work, the other with provisions for the safety of passengers and crew in case of shipwreck. The most important provision of the law is that calling for the abrogation of treaties for the apprehension of deserting sailors, and the substitution therefor of the provision that a sailor deserting his ship shall forfeit the effects he left on board and such wages as may then be due him. Since it is also provided that at any port where the vessel shall stop, the seaman shall upon demand be entitled to one-half of the wages due him, this really means

that he may leave the ship before the completion of the voyage upon forfeiture of half his wages. This applies to foreign ships in American ports as well as to sailors in ships of American registry. There are provisions penalizing the shipowner for failure to provide adequate accommodations and wholesome food for the ship's crew. It is also required, in Section 13, that vessels of one hundred tons gross or more leaving ports of the United States must have crews of whom no less than twenty-five per cent shall be able to understand the orders of the ship's officers without the aid of an interpreter, and that after the fourth year from the passage of the act sixty-five per cent of the deck crew must rate as able seamen. The failure of the authorities to enforce this section and Section 14, relating to life-saving requirements, and Section 2, requiring that sailors shall be divided into at least two, and firemen, oilers, and water tenders into at least three watches, is one of the seamen's grievances in the present strike.

This law, which they succeeded in getting through Congress only after years of struggle, is regarded by the seamen as their *Magna Charta*; it raises the American seaman to the status of a freeman, and indirectly, through its application to foreign ships in American ports, it operates to make the foreign sailor a freeman as well. It tends also, naturally, to make the American wage the standard wage for all ships, since the foreign sailor may leave his ship in an American port and re-ship at the American wage. For these very reasons shipowners, both here and abroad, are bitterly opposed to the law, and they have done their best during the short time since it has been in effect to emasculate it and render its operation ineffectual. It must be remembered here that the Department of Commerce, which is charged with the enforcement of the law, has given them a good deal of assistance in one way or another. The seamen know the strength of the opposition they have to face. It is hardly to be wondered at, then, if they see in the present attempt on the part of the shipowners to reduce wages, and to abolish pay for overtime, merely another step in the fight which the owners, powerfully organized, are waging on the Seaman's Act. Thus their resolution to resist the attempt is more than a mere resolution to hold out on a trade-union issue. It is a resolution arising primarily from their apprehension lest they lose their newly-won status as free men.

A SURPLUS OF REAL ISSUES.

In view of ex-President Taft's extensive knowledge of the theory and practice of representative government, it is not surprising that he is frequently called as a consulting specialist by people who are worried over the ill-health of the body-politic. What is really surprising is the sort of thing that Mr. Taft says upon such occasions, and particularly the sort of thing that he said the other day at New York's new Town Hall. We did not hear the speech ourselves, but if the papers do the doctor justice, the patient must be as good as dead already.

We are not going to attempt to say in these few paragraphs all that we should like to say about modern democracies [Viscount Bryce has just darkened fifteen hundred pages with an incomplete discussion of this subject] nor shall we essay to cover here the whole area of our disagreement with Mr. Taft [who had an entire evening to himself]. However, we do feel moved to lift one paragraph out of this Town Hall speech, and with our readers' permission, to sit down contemplatively before it.

This is the paragraph, as rendered in the columns of the *New York Times*:

We object to party-discipline in the great parties, but there is no such discipline in the great parties as occurs in the class-parties. . . . The striking advantage which our representative system gains by reason of these two large parties is the fact that they are each made up of all classes and conditions. Their cleavage is vertical and not horizontal. Each includes the well-to-do, the moderately circumstanced and the poor. Each views questions and politics from the standpoint of all the people. In order that each may command support from each class and group of people they shape their policies to be fair to each class.

Now it appears to us that a common interest in certain specific affairs is the only rational basis for human organization, and that a division of opinion concerning the manner in which these affairs should be conducted is the only excuse for partisanship within the organization. As the organization expands in size, the number of affairs in which all its members have a natural interest grows progressively smaller, and partisanship with regard to the conduct of these affairs becomes less and less significant. This reduction in the area of common interests reaches a climax in the national State; great parties like our own Democratic and Republican parties acknowledge this, when they place before the people a series of issues which have no deep significance for any individual or group in the State. Very often it is said that these platform-issues are not the "real issues," but as a matter of fact their unreality indicates the limitations which ought to govern the activities of the central government.

If these issues, and all others naturally involved in the common interests of the whole people, were voted upon separately and directly, there would usually be no overwhelming interest in the election, and no great significance in its results. Actually the balloting is reduced very nearly to an absurdity by the grouping of the issues in party-programmes, and the complication of the whole affair with party-history, party-organization and personal leadership.

If the "representatives" returned by these mock elections would only confine their attention to the field delimited by the unreal issues of the campaign, no great help or hurt would result from their labours. As a matter of fact, however, no one of these representatives ever comes into power without having been subjected to pressure by the partisans of special interests that require special attention; and no sovereign Government ever turns a leaf of the calendar without undertaking some new affair that lies wholly outside the field of popular common interest. The launching of imperialistic activities overseas, and the levying of tariffs and the granting of subsidies, are examples of those expansive governmental activities which make "real issues" of matters which properly lie entirely outside the field of general common interests, and hence, outside the proper jurisdiction of the Government. The situation is about what it might be in a social club, where an executive committee which had been elected to put through a programme of economy in the club's *ménage*, suddenly decided to conscript all the members and go to war with a rival organization across the way. Such an expansion of official power would make the old election and the old partisan organization of the club entirely meaningless.

It is quite obvious that a two-party system can not possibly secure an expression of opinion upon all the new issues involved in the new activities of the Government. To a limited number of citizens, each of these issues may be a matter of life and death, but the rest of the people are indifferent or careless. Those

who are vitally interested in the particular matter in hand have usually considered that they must choose between lobbying at the capital, and forming a new political party in the provinces. The former method of approach has been the favourite in the United States, the latter in Europe; but both have had the effect of multiplying and pyramiding the difficulties of the situation by increasing the power of the Government, the number of real issues raised by its activities, and the amount of lobbying and partisan activity necessary to meet these issues.

If it is inconceivable that any great party can express the common attitude of half the people of the United States upon all the questions raised by the innumerable activities of the Government; it is likewise inconceivable that any system of small-party trading can produce a much better result. The two-party system is neither a "striking advantage" nor a marked disadvantage to the workings of Mr. Taft's representative government; the mechanism will do well enough, but the grist is too coarse for any political mill.

THE VANITY OF PUBLIC MEN.

WHEREVER you have human beings you have vain men. Malvolio, sick of self-love, is merely a comic exaggeration of a universal type. There were quarrels for precedence among the Twelve Apostles, and, whatever we may think of the general theory of apostolic succession, there is no doubt that in this respect at least the clergy to-day are in a direct line of descent from the Twelve. To say this is not to censure them; it is merely to say what everyone who has ever examined a human being, lay or clerical, knows. We are all at the mercy of our self-love. With some of us it may take the form of pride rather than of vanity. But all of us are either satisfied with the impression we make on ourselves or eager to make a good impression on other people. We need not pretend that these feelings are necessarily vicious. We never see a proud man without wishing that he were a little vainer, and we seldom see a vain man without wishing that he had a little more pride. Pride is the excess of self-respect; vanity is the excess of respect for the opinions of other people.

There is a sort of vanity, however, which seems to include a great part of pride. It is a display of one's self-satisfaction to other people rather than a doubting appeal to their good opinion. It does not leave it to others to paint one's portrait. One paints it oneself, and offers it to others to accept and admire. This does not do a great deal of harm, provided one does not believe in the portrait oneself. The charlatan who knows the truth about himself is only half a charlatan. Our flattering portraits of ourselves, however, become dangerous when we begin sincerely to believe in them—and it is so difficult not to believe in them. Everything conspires to convince us that they are true. Our sense of self-preservation whispers to us the story of our own importance. Each of us is for himself the centre of the universe. We criticize the vagaries of the sun as though it were our private stove. A succession of wet days, if we are on holiday, offends us like a personal insult. Each of us is the fly on the wheel, commenting away in order to make its voice heard and imagining that it is the important feature in the show. We do not, of course, assert that the vanity of human beings is a constant and unmixed force. Self-knowledge battles with it, and it does not always grow to maturity without many a misgiving and many a humiliating fall. Men are not necessarily the

household slaves of it. But those who are not are usually fugitives from it and nine out of ten of them are tracked down and brought back prisoners in the end.

Youth may be described as a period of unstable vanity. It is a period at which self-praise is less dominant than the desire of praise. It is a period, too, at which the being is responsive to all sorts of selfless ambitions—at which one idealizes self-sacrifice almost beyond any worldly form of success. There are cynics who would reduce all the idealism of youth to egotism, and who accuse even the martyrs of the vanity of the theatre. It is the instinct of the stage, they say, that takes the patriot with so firm a step to the scaffold, and that enables the republican to cry, "Let my name perish so that the Republic may live!"

We do not deny that the hope of playing his part finely may sustain a man in the dock or even at the gallows. We are ready to admit even that the love of notoriety is a far from uncommon motive by way of leading men to sacrifice their lives. Self-importance may help to persuade a man that he rather than his fellows was born to save the world. At the same time, as we read history, we can distinguish fairly easily between the martyrs who were, in the main, self-satisfied and the martyrs who were in the main disinterested. By common consent we give men who die for their country the benefit of the doubt and, when a man voluntarily lays down his life for an ideal, we suspect the existence of some passion other than vanity in his breast.

On the other hand, there are few things commoner than for a man to be at the same time an idealist and vain. He may have the vanity of the platform, or the vanity of leadership. As he gets more and more closely associated with the ideal for which he stands, he hears himself praised by those who believe in the same ideal, and he does not realize that the praise is a tribute to the ideal rather than to him personally. He becomes intoxicated and himself climbs on to the pedestal on which the ideal has hitherto stood, austere and alone. If there is not room for both him and the ideal on the pedestal the ideal has to be sacrificed and is tumbled down in the dust. This has been the history of hundreds of idealists. We pretend that it is experience that slowly transforms them from enthusiasts into egotists. But it is not experience, it is simply approbation, especially self-approbation. If age brought experience there would be a great deal to be said in favour of a Parliament of greybeards. But the vanity of old men is more noticeable than their riches and experience. Even good men, as they grow old, often have their heads turned with the praise and deference of others. Vanity is the vice which it is most difficult to outgrow. We all see its absurdity in others, but to repress our own vanity seems as impossible as to stop winking.

Yet vanity must somehow or other be kept within bounds if the world is to go forward. It is like the weed in the garden. However thoroughly we get rid of it, it will appear again almost while our backs are turned. But this only means that the taming of our vanity is not to be done by a miracle but is a lifelong task. It is a weed of which too much will choke our politics just as too much chickweed will choke our lettuces. Vain men find it impossible to work together unless they can subordinate their vanity to the social spirit. There is nothing that makes a party so ineffective as the rival egotisms of two or three clever men. The history of every State is largely a history of

such conflicts of self-importance, and it may well be that events are influenced as seriously by the vanity of statesmen as by any theories of government. During wars, we see the same vanities dividing general from general and clogging the whole machine of attack.

It is no wonder that each of us deep down in his heart reverences something that we call public spirit, and finally respects only those statesmen and soldiers in whom public spirit is stronger than vanity. Our self-interest demands that our leaders should not be too self-interested. We do not demand perfection of them, but we do demand that their pursuit of vanity may be strictly subordinated to their pursuit of the public good. Vanity in a public man is, perhaps, the greatest danger to the public good of which he is capable. It is, on the whole, more dangerous than what is called corruption. Corruption has been as great a danger in other ages, and even Demosthenes is said to have taken a bribe. But it is the love of position and power rather than of gold that corrupts the average man of these days. A modern statesman would not sell his country, as a modern judge would not sell justice, for a bribe.

The corruptions of vanity are less obvious, however, and more difficult to guard against, than the corruptions of gold. Vanity is chiefly dangerous because it is a form of self-importance that gradually obscures the importance of one's cause. It does this so subtly, however, that the vain man is hardly ever aware that, whereas he once served the cause, he is now making the cause serve him. The preacher enters the pulpit in order to preach to the glory of God; as his sermon proceeds, a sweet egotistic glow flows through his veins, and he is a man praising God to the glory of the preacher. Many of the saints have confessed to the besetting sin of vanity. Bunyan, on being congratulated on having delivered a fine sermon, replied gloomily: "You need not remind me of that. The Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." Every public performer, whether orator, actor or singer, would do well occasionally to see himself in Bunyan's realistic and gloomy mirror.

The vanity of a public speaker entirely surrounded by flatterers is, as a rule, as appalling a spectacle as the vanity of a woman entirely surrounded by flatterers. The man who is accustomed to stand on a platform above the heads of other people gradually comes to see himself as the luminary of a little world, and, beginning by finding out how easy it is to deceive other people, ends by deceiving himself. He finds that loquacity makes a much more instant impression than intellect, and he cultivates the workings of his voice rather than the workings of his mind. He hears the echo of himself in every ear: he sees the image of himself in every eye. As he acquires power over his fellows, he falls more and more deeply in love with his own opinions. He becomes not a co-operator with others but a despot. He acquires the vanity of the machine. He believes in committees more than anything else, and in his own capacity to manage committees. He resents outside criticism. He wants nothing from outside but applause. He thus loses touch with the realities of the outside world. A believer in machines, he believes in what is dead rather than what is alive, and there is nothing to prevent him from slowly subsiding into a reactionary except his need of mollifying his constituents.

This is not the universal accident of politics, but it is a universal tendency. The energy of vanity ousts the energy of faith, and personal achievement diminishes the appetite for public achievement. Vanity, too, has this other curious effect, that men become rivals

even in a race for an ideal end, and will trip one another up rather than not be first in the race. Rival saints have hated each other through jealousy. So have rival poets. How, then, can we expect rival politicians to be exempt from the most human and ridiculous of the vices?

WITH THE PICKING-GANG.

OUR picking-gang has been "laid off" again for a few days because there is "too much fruit in the packing-house." This time last year when the early oranges were being packed in the old packing-house, which had a little more than half the capacity of the new one, there was no complaint of this sort. The early oranges were netting as much as five dollars a box. To-day the net profit per box is about a dollar. In the end of January last year, if a picker had absented himself for two or three days to break the monotony of his work with a fishing or rabbit-hunting expedition he would have been put down for a shiftless, lazy fellow—perhaps dropped from the gang. Now that he is forced to revert to rod and gun to get meat for himself and his children it is a different story.

Working by the day this year a man can earn three dollars in ten hours. A picker who is paid on the piece-work basis can earn much more if he drives himself, but the earnings of our gang are so curtailed by rain, a shortage of field boxes and by shut-downs that for the season they will hardly amount to more than the earnings of white day-labourers. Of our gang of twelve men, seven are married. The income of any one of these men must be far below the standard "that will maintain a family of five in comfort." But I am tired of reading criticisms of our mercantile civilization that accept the criterion of the social order they indict. "So much a year will keep a family of five just this side of starvation—so much will maintain them in comfort," our sociologists keep reciting their formula until it becomes a meaningless *abracadabra*.

These staid, well-meaning people perform a service, of course, as they advertise to the soviet of bankers and grocers the fact that most of the people of the richest nation on earth can not earn enough to maintain a decent standard of living. When one ponders this fact and then remembers that it costs twenty dollars a day to shelter and feed one idle, bejewelled *arriviste* at the near-by hotel on the lake one is stirred to a deep, blinding resentment. The difference in dollars and cents between the shack and the villa is so enormous that it staggers. But it can be very easily overestimated as one of the forces producing the crazy disequilibrium of our society. When one considers the matter calmly and without reference to the standard of living that we have been taught from childhood to regard as the only valid one, it appears that poverty is multilateral and universal in America. There is as much squalor in the villa as there is in the shack.

In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that culturally the wealthy tourists, who represent for us the highest standard of blessedness, as we pick their oranges and grapefruit, have made only a slight advance beyond the population of casual labourers, "Cracker" backwoodsmen, Negroes, and Seminole Indians who inhabit Southern and Central Florida, and, making no obeisance to Rousseau or Chateaubriand, I think I had rather live with the Seminoles than with the sojourners at the club or the hotel. Sullen, unwashed savages that the Seminoles are, they have accomplished in their small communities the nice adjustment of man to man that our mercantile civilization dashed to pieces long ago when it hurried into the blind alley of production for profit.

To supplement their lean diet of grits and biscuit half of our picking-gang will be abroad in the pine barrens and bay-heads to-day, gunning and fishing. The other day these men gave up houses for tents, the cook-stove for the open hearth, the settled for the nomadic existence. Now they are reverting to the primitive stage of the Seminoles and are revictualing themselves with rod and gun on the edges of our clearing because production for profit can not pay them a living wage. But Fairchild's remark apropos the "lay-off" was more significant than any "schedule of wages of agricultural labourers in the South" could be.

"I should worry," he drawled. "Two rabbits and a couple of trouts is more than I can earn in a day with meat so dogged high and pay so low. Anyway, what's a working-man's life but working, eating and going to bed—and working and eating and going to bed all over again. It's a hell of a thing to think of when you look ahead into it. I should worry if they never open the packing-house again."

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

CHEKHOV'S NOTEBOOK.

POTAPOV becomes attached to the brother, and this is the beginning of his falling in love with the sister. Divorces his wife. Afterwards the son sends him plans for a rabbit-hutch.

A GIRL; a devoted friend, out of the best of motives, went about with a subscription list for X., who was not in want.

WHY are the dogs of Constantinople so often described?

DISEASE: "He has got hydrophathy."

I VISIT a friend, find him at supper; there are many guests. It is very gay; I am glad to chatter with the women and drink wine. A wonderfully pleasant mood. Suddenly up gets N., with an air of importance, as though he were a public prosecutor, and makes a speech in my honour. "The magician of words . . . ideals . . . in our time when ideals grow dim . . . you are sowing wisdom, undying things. . . ." I feel as if I had had a cover over me and that now the cover had been taken off and some one was aiming a pistol at me. After the speech—a murmur of conversation, then silence. The gaiety has gone. "You must speak now," says my neighbour. But what can I say? I would gladly throw the bottle at him. I go to bed with some sediment in my soul. "Look, look what a fool sits among you!"

THE maid, when she makes the bed, always puts the slippers under the bed close to the wall. The fat master, unable to bear it any longer, gives the maid notice. It turns out that the doctor told her to put the slippers as far as possible under the bed so as to cure the man of his obesity.

THE club blackballed a respectable man because all the members were out of humour; they ruined his prospects.

A LARGE factory. The young employer plays the superior to all and is rude to the employees who have University degrees. Only the gardener, a German, has the courage to be offended: "How dare you, gold-bag?"

WHENEVER he reads in the newspaper about the death of a great man, he wears mourning.

IN the theatre. A gentleman asks a lady to take her hat off, as it is in his way. Grumbling, disagreeableness, entreaties. At last a confession: "Madam, I am the author of the play." She answers: "I don't care."

IN order to act wisely it is not enough to be wise. (Dostoevsky.)

A. AND B. have a bet. A wins the wager, by eating twelve cutlets; B. does not pay even for the cutlets.

GLANCING at a plump, appetizing woman: "It is not a woman, it is a full moon."

FROM her face one would imagine that under her stays she has got gills.

AN income-tax inspector and an excise official, in order to justify their occupations to themselves, say spontaneously: "It is an interesting profession; there is a lot of work, it is a live occupation."

AT twenty she loved Z.; at twenty-four she married N. not because she loved him, but because she thought him a good, wise, ideal man. The couple live happily; everyone envies them, and indeed their life passes smoothly and placidly; she is satisfied, and, when people discuss love, she says that for family life not love or passion is wanted, but affection. But once the music played suddenly and, inside her heart, everything broke up like

ice in spring; she remembered Z. and her love for him, and she thought with despair that her life was ruined, spoilt for ever, and that she was unhappy. Then it passed: A year later again the same thing happened to her with the New Year greetings; when people wished her "New happiness," she indeed longed for new happiness.

ONE can not resist evil, but one can resist good.

HE flatters the authorities like a priest.

Z. GOES to a doctor, who examines him and finds that he is suffering from heart disease. Z. abruptly changes his way of life, takes medicine, can talk only about his disease; the whole town knows that he has heart disease and all the doctors, whom he regularly consults, say that he has got heart disease. He does not marry, gives up amateur theatricals, does not drink, and when he walks does so slowly and hardly breathes. Eleven years later he has to go to Moscow and there he consults a specialist. The latter finds that his heart is perfectly sound. Z. is overjoyed, but he can no longer return to a normal life, for he has got accustomed to going to bed early and to walking slowly, and he is bored if he can not speak of his disease. The only result is that he gets to hate doctors—that is all.

A WOMAN is fascinated not by art, but by the noise made by those who have to do with art.

N. a dramatic critic, has a mistress X., an actress. Her benefit night. The play is rotten, the acting poor, but N. has to praise. He writes briefly: "The play and the leading actress had an enormous success. Particulars to-morrow." As he wrote the last two words, he gave a sigh of relief. Next day he goes to X.; she opens the door, allows him to kiss and embrace her, and in a cutting tone says, "Particulars to-morrow."

IN Kislovodsk or some other watering-place Z. picked up a girl of twenty-two; she was poor, straightforward, he took pity on her and, in addition to her fee, he left twenty-five roubles on the chest of drawers; he left her room with the feeling of a man who has done a good deed. The next time he visited her, he noticed an expensive ash-tray, and a man's fur cap, bought out of his twenty-five roubles—the girl again starving, her cheeks hollow.

N. MORTGAGES his estate with the Bank of Nobility at four per cent, and then lends the money on mortgage at twelve per cent.

ARISTOCRATS? The same ugly bodies and physical uncleanliness, the same toothless old age and disgusting death, as with market-women.

N., WHEN a group is being photographed, always stands in the front row; on addresses he always signs the first; at anniversaries he is always the first to speak. Always wonders: O soup! O pastries!

Z GOT tired of having visitors, and he hired a French woman to live in his house as if she were his mistress. This shocked the ladies and he no longer had visitors.

Z. IS a torch-bearer at funerals. He is an idealist. "In the undertaker's shop."

N. AND Z. are intimate friends, but when they meet in society, they at once make fun of one another—out of shyness.

COMPLAINT: "My son Stephen was delicate, and I therefore sent him to school in the Crimea, but there he was caned with a vine-branch, and that gave him philoxera and now the doctors can not cure him."

MITYA and Katya were told that their papa blasted rocks in the quarry. They wanted to blow up their cross grandpapa, so they took a pound of powder from their father's room, put it in a bottle, inserted a wick, and placed it under their grandfather's chair, when he was dozing after dinner; but soldiers marched by with the band playing—and this was the only thing that prevented them from carrying out their plan.

A WOMAN imagines that she has a peculiar, exceptional constitution, whose ailments are different from other people's, and can not stand ordinary medicine. She thinks that her son is unlike other people's sons, that he has to be brought up differently. She believes in principles, but she thinks that they apply to every one but herself, because she lives in exceptional circumstances. The son grows up, and she tries to find an exceptional wife for him. Those around her suffer. The son turns out a scoundrel.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN SOCIAL IDEALS.

ASKED whether he would rather have heaven or hell for a news-assignment at space rates, a sardonic reporter expressed his preference for hell. He explained that reports from there would have greater news-value. His reason for his preference may be suggestive of a reason for the prevailing tendency to think and talk and hear and write and read about human society as it is, but without the slightest interest in what it ought to be. One must at any rate concede that the emotional values of orderly social conditions are below par in comparison with those of social conditions that are chaotic. But how can there be any hope of beneficially reforming society as it is without considering what it ought to be? All of us are for reforms of some kind, but unless we know where our reforms would lead to, our last predicament may prove to be worse than our first. There would seem, therefore, to be a common-sense justification for sometimes writing and reading about what society ought to be, even though the subject does lack news-value.

There must of course be a standard. Without a standard "any old kind" of foolishness might be paraded as an ideal. But to find a standard universally acceptable would be a hopeless quest. Neither the Golden Rule nor the Second Great Commandment would serve the purpose; they are objectionably transcendental even with folks who cherish them piously. "Servants obey your masters!" has served as a standard in the eras and the countries of slave-owner and slave, of landlord and serf, of master and servant; but it was probably never acceptable universally. In parenthesis, one may inquire whether that standard is even yet obsolete. Is there not still a subtle sentiment, a species of intellectual inheritance from the slave-owning past, that some men—and this regardless of race or colour—are born to sweat for the profit of other men? Perhaps not, and yet one seems to be aware of such a feeling when competition for employment subsides and wage-workers become "impudent" in their demands. Be that, however, as it may be, the old perversion of St. Paul's exhortation can hardly serve as a universally acceptable standard for judging social ideals. Nor can we turn for such a standard to labour unions and employers' unions, to progressive groups and reactionary groups, to radicals and superficials. No standard acceptable to any one of these would be acceptable to its opposite. Nevertheless, we need be at no loss for a standard if we limit the field to our own country. Although the American standard may not be heartily acceptable to Americans of the

tory type, nor to those plutocratic varieties that measure Americanism by profiteering percentages, even these would hardly betray the hollowness of their patriotic professions by rejecting a standard of social adjustments which is not only fundamentally American, but is as readily provable as our standards of weights and measures. Patriotic Americans would accept it heartily.

We shall find our American criterion of ideal social conditions explicitly written in our Declaration of Independence and vital in our national Constitution. The Declaration of Independence assures us that "all men are created equal"—that is, that they are equally "endowed with certain unalienable rights," among which are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This assurance is the American touchstone for testing the ideality of social adjustments. No social adjustments can be ideal by the American standard if they ignore equality of human rights. The application is to all: not to rich men and wise men and business men to the exclusion of poor men and fool men and working-men, but to every one. The rights of each under government are equal. Any social ideal that measures up to that level is a true ideal according to the American standard. Nor does this standard ignore the plea for recognition of duties instead of rights. Duties can not be substituted for rights; they imply rights. Rights and duties are reciprocal. The equal right of every one to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is held in balance by the corresponding duty of every one to concede equality of those rights to all others.

Passing from the Declaration of Independence to the American Constitution, we may realize the emphasis which in the progress of events the American people have put upon their criterion of social ideals.

Attention has been so centred of late years upon the regulatory clauses of our Constitution, its mere by-law characteristics, that its more essential characteristics are somewhat in shadow. Turn on a spotlight, however, and you behold the Preamble attributing the Constitution to the authority of the people and declaring its objective to be the general welfare and its ideals justice and liberty. Turn the spotlight upon another shadowed part of the Constitution and you behold its Amendatory Clause. This clause, as sacred as any other part of our organic law, enables the people to alter their government whenever they please, in any direction they please, and to any extent. If they become reactionary, they may turn this Republic back to monarchy; if they become reckless, they may transform it into a communistic empire; if they maintain a true American poise, they may develop it into the perfected democracy which Lincoln described as government of and by and for the people.

Now turn the spotlight upon the Amendments that have been made pursuant to that Amendatory Clause. Here we behold guarantees of free speech, of free press, of free assemblage, of freedom from unwarranted arrest and from arbitrary deprivation of life, liberty and property; here are our war-bought barriers against involuntary servitude, here our charter of voting rights regardless of race or sex, and here our Constitutional assurance of future freedom from the pernicious liquor-combines which, a good left bower to pernicious financial combines, threatened the whole nation with political putrefaction. How is it possible to reflect upon our Constitution and its Amendments without realizing that they are practical developments, progressively, in the direction of the standard which the Declaration of Independence sets up for determining what kind of social adjustments would be ideal?

If by that test social adjustments were as they ought to be, we should be living in a state of industrial freedom, which is our goal if Americanism has any wholesome meaning. The way to it can be easily cleared. We need no extensions of governmental machinery, no new *verboten*s, no communistic or socialistic nor other artificial contrivances. All we need do is to remove the obstructions with which, in defiance of our standard of national ideals, we are hindering the normal interplay of such beneficent natural forces in human association as industrial competition.

A thoughtful clergyman once observed that "competition may be God's law of co-operation in a selfish world." There can be hardly a reasonable doubt of it. Co-operation in a world governed by the instinct of individual self-preservation, can be maintained only by unobstructed competition. He who lives in a selfish world must himself work for his own profit if he eats bread in the sweat of his own face; and unless his takings are controlled by competitive forces freely operating, he will eat bread either in the sweat of other folks' faces or be short of bread himself. That exchanges of services—or of products of industry, for there is no essential difference—that these exchanges shall be freely competitive, is therefore of the very essence of equality of rights in industrial co-operation. The alternative is monopoly.

There would probably be no difficulty in convincing a Chamber of Commerce that unobstructed competition is desirable—in its application to labour unions. Labour unions would not be so easily convinced. But the desirability of obstructing competition! how easy it is to convince almost anybody of that, provided the obstruction would be advantageous to himself. We all do so dearly love a monopoly of our very own. Yet by our criterion, by the great American test, social adjustments can not be as they ought to be until by abolishing all monopoly we clear the way for complete freedom of industrial competition.

Grant that, however, and you grant that we must abolish protective tariff-barriers so completely, that commerce across national borders would be as free as it is between our own one-time tariff-protected States; and not tariffs for protection alone, but all tariffs. By increasing the prices of products, which they do by adding to the cost of production and delivery, tariffs place many producers and many consumers at a disadvantage relatively to others. So, also, is it with every other tax on industrial processes. Products of industry can not be sold continuously for less than cost. A tax on industrial processes makes part of the expense of industrial production. It must therefore become part of the price of industrial products. This puts unprivileged buyers at a disadvantage by lowering their purchasing power, and unprivileged sellers by diminishing their selling opportunities. Such disparities are offensive to American ideals; they are out of harmony with our standard of equal rights. By that standard, things can not be as they ought to be until industrial taxation is abandoned.

Is it asked how industrial taxation could be abandoned without abolishing government? An anarchist's answer would be ready to his tongue. He would say, "Abolish government." But I am not an anarchist. I believe in government. I shall not take the space, however, to explain the "how" of making things as they ought to be. That is a subject all by itself. I shall be content in this connexion with insisting that by the test of the American standard of human society industrial taxation must be abandoned. But if that were done, a more fundamental violation of the American

ideal of equal rights than taxation would still nullify the benefits of tax-exemption. Not only that, it would also continue to prevent everything else from becoming what it ought to be. My allusion is to the monopolization of natural resources.

Nature gives no one a living. All she gives is the natural resources from which to produce a living by work, and without access to which in some of their various forms, no work can produce anything. By our American test, therefore, the right of access to natural resources is an equal right. Possibly they can not with best effect be used in common. Assuredly each item of natural resources can not be enjoyed in common—a home site, for instance—since two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time. But monopolistic control may be safely conceded, with reservations in support of the primary principle of equal rights; and those reservations could be very simple. They are impressively suggested by a significant phenomenon of monopolistic control—the differential prices that attach to any monopolized space in proportion to its natural-resource advantages with reference to other monopolized spaces.

Monopolized natural resources command industrial products for the monopolist from the producer. Some natural resources enable their monopolizers to exact enormous sums in man-power for mere permission to utilize their advantages of natural richness or location or both. Any rich mineral deposit or building lot in a city-centre will serve for illustration. Now, the sum in man-power which those prices measure, enormous in its aggregate, is significant of gross inequalities of rights at utter variance with the human-equality principle of Americanism. But there would be none if, by the test of our criterion, social adjustments were as they ought to be. By that test, profits for mere permission to utilize natural resources would not go to the monopolizers. Neither would they go to the users. To users of natural resources belong the profits of such utilization, but not the profits of advantageous natural richness or advantageous situation. But the varying prices or rents or royalties or values of those varying natural advantages point unmistakably to an adjustment in full harmony with our national ideal of equality of rights.

Since differences in natural richness and in advantageous location give industrial values to natural resources—to building sites, to agricultural sites, to mineral deposits, to forests, to water-power for factories and water-fronts for commerce, to railway-terminal sites—since all such natural resources are common property by the American test of equal rights, and since their best use may necessitate monopolistic control, and since their monopolization generates incomes over and above incomes from their utilization, why should not those monopoly-profits, instead of flowing unearned into private pockets and corporation-treasuries, flow into common treasuries for the common good? By the test of the American ideal of equality of rights, why not?

As one result of that social adjustment, industrial freedom would be incalculably invigorated. For one thing it would release to industrial enterprise vast spaces of unused natural resources the useless monopolization of which is now a thoroughgoing check upon industry, an efficient cause of that underconsumption of which the concomitant is over-production, and the primary economic force for diverting industrial products continuously from earning interests to parasitic interests. No one would monopolize natural resources he was not utilizing if he had to pay to the public—that

third party of whom honourable mention is often made these days—what would be to the natural-resource monopolist a fine for obstructing industry. To productive industry the imposition of that fine upon monopoly would be like the discovery of a new and accessible continent rich in natural resources.

As another result, which I may refer to incidentally, would it not solve the problem of abandoning industrial taxation without abolishing government? Of course the fines for useless monopolization would not solve it, inasmuch as such monopolization would cease under the fining system, and the aggregate of fines would be negligible for revenue purposes. But in order to fine useless monopolizers of natural resources, and also to measure up to the American standard of equal rights to natural resources, it would be necessary to charge useful monopolizers of those resources in proportion to their several advantages in that respect—much on the same principle that theatre-managers charge differential prices for seats. The greater the commercial value of any monopolizer's natural-resource advantage, the higher the charge to him for his special privilege. It is out of those differential charges that the public income would flow; and it would expand in volume with the expansion of industry. Yet production, and consequently consumption, would be wholly free of taxation. Without abolishing government, industrial taxation would be abandoned.

Tested, then, by the American standard, one of the ideal conditions of human association is equal freedom of access to unused natural resources. Another is the application to public use of the commercial values of monopoly of natural resources, thereby dispensing with industrial taxation. Every other test is confirmatory of this one.

With those ideals realized, the inference is obtrusive that human association would flourish. There would be equality of industrial opportunity, free and consequently wholesome industrial competition, freedom of commercial intercourse with profit to all participants, freedom from industrial taxation, freedom therefore to each to enjoy his own earnings in amounts proportioned to his own contributions of service. Labour would be in constant demand until human wants were satisfied, which would be—? Conflicts between the labour that manages productively and the labour that productively responds to management would subside as their common interest became more evident. The unholy bonds that now unite industrial management and obstructive monopoly would be loosed. "Hiring and firing" would give way to more co-operative relationships. Labour unions and employers' unions would co-operate for higher production at lower expenditures of man-power and for distribution with a minimum of friction. We should have that association in equality to which the Declaration of Independence points and which Henry George showed to be the law of human progress—the law that explains all "diversities, all advances, all halts and retrogressions."

If anyone seems to see an overflow in that picture, let him interrogate his intelligence. By what means does he suppose that human wants are met? Is not human industry necessary? Are not natural resources indispensable? What else? Is there any way given under heaven by which human needs can be supplied except by the application of human industry to natural resources? Machinery! What is that but a product drawn from natural resources by human industry and used in or upon natural resources by the same industrial force? He who supposes that natural resources are only one of the necessary conditions of industrial

prosperity, is he not half brother to the Shepherd in "As You Like It" who explained that one of the great causes of the night is lack of the sun? Natural resources alone are to human association what the sun alone is to the light of day. Equality of right to those indispensable gifts of Nature is inseparable from equality of the right to pursue happiness, of the right to liberty, of the right to life. If one possessed all natural resources as his very own, he would be the master of all mankind; if some so possess them, the rest are below the level of that equality of rights with which our Republic declares them to have been by Nature endowed.

Is this consideration of human society as it ought to be, mere theory? So are all explanations. Is it an "ism"? Then it is Americanism one hundred per cent pure. Demand for equal enjoyment of natural resources is the supreme test of fidelity to American ideals.

LOUIS F. POST.

BEHIND THE BRITISH COAL-STRIKE.

THE industrial crisis in England has given the telegraphic news-agencies another opportunity of exercising their skill in deceiving the public. The fact that the mine-owners locked out the men has been carefully concealed, and other facts have been distorted in such a way as to give the impression that the crisis was provoked by the miners and is due to unreasonable demands on their part. Naturally, the news-agencies have above all refrained from going into the causes of the present depression in the British coal-industry, for such an inquiry would reveal the fact that the primary cause of the whole business is the treaty of Versailles. The British coal-crisis is only an incident in the general industrial collapse throughout Europe resulting from the character of the peace made by the victorious Allies.

The matter is very simple. Since the Spa agreement France has been receiving from Germany far more coal than she needs or can possibly use. The result is that the price of imported coal in France has fallen to twenty-three shillings a ton (less than five dollars at the present rate of exchange). Since France gets the German coal for nothing, she has been selling the surplus at a low price to Holland, Scandinavia and Italy. Belgium, which is also receiving from Germany more coal than can be used, is doing likewise; consequently the British export-trade in coal has been knocked on the head. Mr. Lloyd George has completed the hold of France on the European coal-trade by allowing the French Army to occupy Duisburg and Ruhrort, the principal German coal-ports. The French Government is now demanding that the mines of Upper Silesia should be handed over to Poland, that is, in fact, to French syndicates. That would complete the ruin of German industries, which are already inadequately supplied with coal, thanks to the Spa agreement. French policy, to which Mr. Lloyd George has consented in order to get advantages in the East for the group of financiers and capitalists in whose hands he is, has thus ruined the British coal-industry on the one hand and, on the other, by preventing the economic restoration of Germany, plunged the whole of Europe into acute industrial depression. We are only at the beginning of the trouble. M. Briand, who took office as the advocate of a moderate policy in regard to Germany, has been obliged to outbid even M. Poincaré in order to remain in office. The perils of French militarism are now so apparent that it is no longer possible for anybody to blind himself to them.

I doubt whether the rulers of France have any longer any illusions about the possibility of obtaining the indemnity that they claim. They talk about an indemnity to keep the public quiet, but their real aim is the enslavement and the economic destruction of Germany. If they achieve that aim they will ruin Europe and France with it, and they can not achieve it without the support of the British Government. Thus the responsibility of British imperialism for the present plight of Europe is as great as that of French militarism, for without the support of British imperialism French militarism would be powerless. Mr. Lloyd George knows as well as anybody that the French policy is disastrous. He has acquiesced in it to satisfy his masters, who realize that British imperialism and French militarism are the complements of each other. If British support were withdrawn from France, as it should be, France would be isolated in Europe, her weakness would become apparent and her present rulers would be driven from power. France would then adopt her natural policy—that recommended by M. Caillaux in his latest book—which is the only policy in accordance with her real interests. She would put herself at the head of a combination of Continental States to resist British domination. For that reason the British imperialists and the French militarists, although they hate each other, are accomplices in each other's crimes. Both must be got rid of—and that speedily—if Europe is to be saved.

The British electorate may soon have an opportunity of getting rid of their imperialist Government. Mr. George is faced with insoluble difficulties at home and abroad. English public opinion is at last awakening to the iniquities of the White Terror in Ireland, thanks largely to the campaign of the Labour party; and the attempt to suppress Irish nationality by force is having no success. The Government's support of French militarism is very unpopular; it and the Irish question were probably the chief causes of the Labour victories in the recent by-elections. The proposed return to protection is causing the Coalition Liberals to kick, and the Coalition is steadily disintegrating. Moreover, Mr. George is physically and morally broken down and his hand has lost its cunning. One may charitably suppose that what remnants of conscience he still possesses are giving him a certain amount of discomfort. A dissolution of Parliament would seem to be the only way out of his difficulties. His recent attack on the Labour party shows that he has at last decided to come down on the conservative side of the fence and to appeal to the country as the shield and defender of law and order.

That Mr. Lloyd George precipitated the present conflict with the miners is clear, for it is the direct result of the sudden withdrawal of governmental control of the mines, which should have continued to next August according to the original plan. That control has contributed to the present depression of the coal-industry. The enormous prices fixed by the Government for exported coal began the loss of the foreign markets, which the Spa agreement has completed. For American coal came in and undercut the British exporters. England is, therefore, paying for her selfish policy towards other countries when she had command of the European coal-market, and both mine-owners and miners are to blame for having acquiesced in that policy. The demand of the miners that the State should subsidize the coal-industry for a definite period is not so unreasonable in the circumstances as it seems, for the State has made millions out of coal for the last seven years, thanks to the outrageous export-prices. Now that the

coal-industry, in consequence of the mismanagement of the Government and its foreign policy, is in low water, Mr. Lloyd George calmly throws it back on the mine-owners and the miners and leaves them to get out of the mess as they can. Mr. George knew that the sudden cessation of control would provoke an industrial quarrel and he must have desired to provoke one. The mine-owners were at first as much opposed to the immediate removal of control as were the miners. They agreed to it because it gave them a chance of making an attack on the miners' wages, and thus starting the campaign for a general reduction of wages which the employers in all trades have long been planning. They knew that the funds of the Miners' Federation were depleted by the foolish strike of last year, to which Mr. Robert Smillie and all the responsible leaders were opposed and on which the rank and file insisted, and they thought the moment propitious for an offensive on their part. They have made that offensive in collusion with the Government.

The miners have not always been wise—last year's strike was a deplorable blunder—but their exasperation is the natural result of the repeated breaches of faith on the part of the Government and the coal-owners. Mr. Lloyd George, who is constitutionally incapable of going straight, has played fast and loose with them from beginning to end. He appointed a Royal Commission, presided over by Mr. Justice Sankey, to report on the nationalization of the mines and, when that commission reported in favour of nationalization, he refused to act on its finding. That breach of faith was the beginning of the trouble. The strike last year was settled on certain conditions, accepted by the mine-owners and ratified by the Government. One of those conditions was that the mine-owners and the miners should, before 31 March of this year, present to the Government a scheme for a national wage, that is, for a wage to be the same throughout the kingdom for each category of workers in the mines.

The mine-owners have now gone back on their word and have proposed wages differing according to districts as at present, and involving reductions in the present rates varying from twenty to fifty per cent. They gave notice to terminate the existing wage-contracts and locked out the miners because they would not agree to the reductions. The miners have expressed their willingness to accept a certain reduction of wages, but they insist on the national wage. The Government backs the mine-owners in refusing to carry out an engagement to which the Government itself was a party. That is the immediate cause of the present dispute.

The assertion telegraphed all over the world by the semi-official agencies that the miners refuse to accept any reduction of wages is just a lie. Mr. Frank Hodges, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, has declared himself willing to propose a reduction of twenty-five per cent on the present average wage, which is a good deal more than the reduction in the cost of living. The wages proposed by the mine-owners in some cases barely exceed £2 a week for the best-paid category of workers, and are less than the minimum wage of an agricultural labourer in any part of England. No family can possibly live on such an income with present prices. As a miner said a few days ago, the miners may as well starve out of work as starve and work at the same time. The following table shows some of the reductions that it is proposed to make in the wages of the best-paid category of mine-workers in different parts of England and Scotland:

	PRESENT WAGE	PROPOSED WAGE	REDUCTION
Scotland	£5	£3 17s	£1 3s
Northumberland	£4 15s	£3 7s	£1 8s
South Wales	£4 17s	£2 17s	£2
South Yorkshire	£5	£5
West Yorkshire	£4 12s	£3 16s	16s
Lancashire and Cheshire	£4 10s	£3 9s	£1 1s
North Staffordshire	£3 18s	£2 14s	£1 4s
Cannock	£4 4s	£3 18s	6s
Shropshire	£4 8s	£3	£1 8s
Warwickshire	£4 9s	£3 17s	12s
Cumberland	£4 15s	£2 11s	£2 3s
Forest of Dean	£4	£2 4s	£1 16s
Somerset	£3 19s	£2 6s	£1 3s

Some of the proposed wages would be accepted, but the men in the favoured districts have refused to abandon their comrades to semi-starvation.

The mine-owners in the districts where the largest reductions are proposed say that they are making no profits and can not pay more. The Miners' Federation replies by suggesting a temporary State subsidy and a pooling of the owners' profits. The latter proposal the owners, backed as usual by the Government, refuse to consider, although it was the proposal of their own representatives on the Sankey Commission and was suggested in the minority report of that commission as an alternative to nationalization. In that report the representatives of the mine-owners declared the present system to be wasteful and uneconomical.

In these circumstances, no reasonable person can doubt that the obstacle to a settlement does not come from the miners. Big Business does not want a settlement and is bringing pressure on Mr. Lloyd George to prevent one. He will probably yield to it, because Big Business is his master. As I write, the issue is still in doubt. But, even if the miners are beaten and have to accept the proposals of the owners, the victory of Big Business will be a Pyrrhic one. For the result will be that the leadership of the British labour-movement will pass out of the hands of the moderate men who now control it into those of revolutionaries.

ROBERT DELL.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: VI.

BEIRA, January, 1921.

I LEFT South Africa by this port in 1905 and have landed here again, my dear Eusebius, for no particular reason, except possibly that coming so near my old tracks, I was irresistibly drawn to have a look at them to correct the errors of memory. Beira is certainly the very last place on earth at which one would wish to land, but in this kind of travelling impulse is, and should be, stronger than desire. If I have an object, which I doubt, it is to plan to be in one place at a certain date, and, when the time comes, to be somewhere else, the point being, if there is a point, to prove to myself that one place is as good as another and that I can be in, say, Beira, without wishing to be in, say, New York. I ought, of course, to have proved this much earlier and should never have left Beira in 1905, but then I was driven by ambition and wished to be in London. On board ship it is impossible to prove anything except that one travels three or four hundred miles a day. I have travelled in seven ships in fifteen months, and it is impossible not to sink into the routine and rhythm of the sea. Sailors live out their lives to it and they are simple and childlike people, rather frightened of the complicated guile of land-dwellers, unable to comprehend their social distinctions, and prostrate before the supreme complication of life ashore, Woman. They are proud of their ships and contemptuous of houses on land, which do not respond to and exult in the elements as a ship does. Seamen are to landmen as ducks to hens, and my own preference has always been for ducks because a hen can do nothing so clever as a duck's trick of standing on its head in the water, a performance which

always delighted me as a child in my walks in the public parks. The preference may be romantic and unreasonable but I cling to it nevertheless, though it is possibly due to my liking for efficiency. Seamen have to be efficient or their ship will go to the bottom. Landmen can make as much mess as they like and leave some one else to clear it up.

So I have landed at Beira, which, as you ought to know, is in Portuguese East Africa, with every intention of saying good-bye to the sea and ships for long enough to forget the smell of bilge water and refrigerated food and assorted cargoes and Indians. It pleases me to be in Beira because I ought to be in Delhi or Moscow or Dublin or Pittsburgh measuring with expert eye the social changes as they take shape, watching humanity adjust itself to the tight corner into which it has steered itself. But here I am, most wantonly in Beira with nothing to observe but Portuguese and black men, both of whom will take the social revolution, if that is the name for what is going on, as lazily as they take everything else in the swing between life and death which is existence—lazily! What else can they do on this spit of sand at the mouth of a muddy, rushing river?

There has been a strike, even here, and no fewer than twelve ships are held up in the estuary, sand on one side, swamp on the other. It took me hours to get ashore, because the one motor-boat paid calls on every ship just to say that the dockers might or might not work on the morrow, and when I landed it was raining: mercifully, because Beira in an unclouded sky is so hot that it is impossible to walk. The sand burns through the stoutest boots.

Once, along the coast, there was a Portuguese Empire from Delagoa to Mombasa, where the Jesus Fort was built with stones brought in sailing vessels all the way from Portugal, and now the British say that the Portuguese ought not to have that which they have. They say that if Cecil Rhodes had been alive during the late great war, there would be no more a Portuguese than there is a German East Africa, and perhaps they are right. What is an alliance to an empire-builder? Close scrutiny, however, reveals them wrong, for Beira is, in effect, a British port. The money is Portuguese, though British is preferred, the officials are Portuguese though British tell them what to do, but the port itself and the railway, the Beira and Mashonaland Railway, are British, built and owned. What does it matter then what the country is called? The traffic of the place is British, the profits, if there are any, go to British companies, and I do not think an empire-builder cares about an empire if there are no profits. Are there any? That I doubt. Trains run twice a week from Beira to Cape Town and carry, I should say, commercial travellers of the class who work for companies so vast that they must be nosing in the odd corners of the earth for markets, however small, in order to ensure that their small rivals shall find no trade.

Perhaps because of the rain, more likely because of looming financial difficulties, a cloud of depression hung over Beira. The shopkeepers all looked as though they hated their shops, productive of nothing but bills that must be met, and the huge hotel, called ambitiously the Savoy, was empty and fly-blown. The Portuguese and the Indians were cheerful enough, but the British were, to say the least of it, morose. Possibly the mere fact of being in Beira is, for a British subject, a confession of failure, and certainly I never met so strongly the British attitude of apologizing for not being in Surbiton or Park Lane.

The sea from the shore is irritating after weeks spent in mid-ocean. Even the sea is deceitful and shows to those on land an aspect which is nothing at all like its real self, and after a day or two I found that my pleasure in the sea had vanished. Twenty-four hours' journey would take me to Mashonaland which is called imperially Southern Rhodesia, capital Salisbury, after the Marquis who was Prime Minister of Great Britain in the hectic days of the Jameson raid and the grand move

towards an all-red Africa, when, as if one Johannesburg was not enough for the world's sanity, Rhodes dreamed of a chain of them from Cape Town to Cairo.

After the dreamy and fantastic isolation of board ship, where a man is of no more account than a fairy in a walnut-shell, a phrase which rather exactly describes my feeling at sea, the roar and rattle of the train was crude, vulgar and satisfying. That must be a very strong element in the empire-builder—this hard and horrible triumph of roaring and shrieking through the wild beauty of forest and mountain. A commercial traveller told me how wonderful it was that in such a place it was possible to get a better dinner on the train than is to be had in England. I said I thought the country very wonderful. He looked at it, but did not see it, and remarked that he believed the fever was very bad. After a time, itching to find out what goods I "travelled in," he told me that his line was matches and that the Japanese had been upsetting the market, though he believed it was only a blind and that it was really these damned Americans. I started at that, for, until the war, it was the Germans who were spoken of as damned or worse because they had the impudence to manufacture and sell goods. I did not display any great interest. Commerce, as now conducted, carries a blight upon those who practise it and those who suffer from it, and the night in Africa has a peculiar enveloping power of beauty to which I surrendered.

I can only distinguish the beauty of Africa by calling it active and all others passive. One expects the English or the Italian landscape: expects perhaps too much; but here one is not so much astonished as rattled out of his impertinent belief that he knows anything about the earth or the sky, and one begins all over again learning not to accept that the sun rises and sets but to believe it with something of the same passion as that which achieves the miracle. Cicadae and frogs fill the night air with a music that absorbs even the rattle of the train, the moonlight through the clear air is as though the sun were in haste to return, and the sudden, amazing hills look as though they held the valleys in a loving, protecting embrace. Being an active beauty, this is repellent and sobering, not seductive and intoxicating, and I knew that once again I had done the right thing and that South Africa is to be approached through Beira, just as in 1919 I discovered that New York is to be approached through Brooklyn. Countries and cities should be taken unawares. Do not announce your arrival, do not let them know you are looking at them, do not let them know that you have any sharper eyes in your head than are possessed by their inhabitants and you may find out something of their nature and their habits. Every country, every city is a dream which, if it be trapped, presents itself as a vulgar and disappointing reality. Therefore, approach South Africa through Beira, New York through Brooklyn, and do not forget that a man in a ship is a fairy in a nutshell. That way lies discovery: every other way leads to destruction, perversion of heart and mind and all the senses, and you must perforce engage in the commerce and the politics which have arisen out of that perversion. To politics and commerce I would add the philosophy, art and religion which have grown like weeds out of them, but that I am writing letters to Eusebius.

Why Eusebius? Because he floats through the ballet of Carnival for no particular reason, just as I am floating through the ballet of civilization, which, looked at from the midst of this tropical night is no more than an evening's entertainment. Why all these tears because it is finished? It is unpleasant, sometimes, to turn from the stage to the audience: but only if the entertainment has been rich and rare, and I would not say that of the entertainment provided by nineteenth-century, bourgeois civilization with its really horrid limitation of human nature and its elimination of intelligence and passion. No: I am glad to return to the audience, which does *not* consist of the working classes, but of the mighty hills, the stars in the sky, the awful forest and the unforgetting memory which lives in them in an unattainable majesty of music.

It sounds casual to turn to such an audience from the observation platform of a colonial train, but, the turn once made, there can be no going back on it and I shall hire me a wagon and a tent and forget the entertainment of the nineteenth century which did not entertain me because it wished so desperately to improve my morals. Three generations of lecturing! I have been a lecturer and I know what a bore it is, and I hereby counsel all men and women bitten with the disease of platform-speaking to take themselves at once to a country where their language is not understood. There let them go down among the audience and expiate their sins, and learn never to speak nor write again until they have learned the meaning of plain Yes and No. Once they begin to learn, they will discover that a lifetime is not long enough for that lesson. Go to the earth, you sluggard, consider her ways and be wise! You can not cheat the earth, nor, sluggard, will the earth cheat you. Why all the craze for turning the earth into money when it should be turned, as it wants to be, into thought?

All this sounds very like weeping over Zion and hanging my harp in the willows of Babylon, but indeed there is not a tear hovering anywhere near my eyes. Were I to weep over humanity I should weep blood. Rather will I buy me a parcel of earth and sow it with fancies and see what a fine crop of thought I shall reap. They tell me that land is cheap and will rise in the next few years. But I don't want an investment: I want a place where I can be quiet in my premature old age, which I hope will be over before I am seventy so that I can have a few years to enjoy the youth of which I, in common with millions of others, have been cheated. Old age at thirty-five is a heavy price to pay for it, but having paid the price I mean to have it.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

WITH the passing of Ernst von Possart, the fine old school of German actors vanishes into the charmed realm of tradition, though the gratitude and affection of those who were fortunate enough to witness the impersonations of its leading figures will long keep their memory green. One of the first rôles in which I happened to see Possart, was that of the Rabbi Sichel in Erckmann-Chatrian's delightful little comedy "L'Ami Fritz," at the Court Theatre in Munich. I remember that when the performance was over, I was not especially conscious of having seen a great actor; but had rather the impression of having been bodily transported for an hour or two to that little Alsatian village, where the spoilt, self-indulgent Fritz Kobus dwelt in happy bachelorhood, carefully tended by Katel, his aged housekeeper, and enlivened by three or four boon companions, till the pretty Sûzel and the kindly, matchmaking old Rabbi began to disturb his peace of mind and take away his appetite. It was seemingly a very even performance as to excellence, yet as time went on, I found that the memory of the good Rabbi stood out pre-eminently sharp and clear, and this surely is one of the best tests of true artistry.

As I write, another evening comes to mind, one on which a joint recital was given by Possart and Richard Strauss. As the latter finished playing, Possart passed quickly from behind the piano to the centre of the platform and began to recite Goethe's "Die Wandelnde Glocke." Once he had fairly begun, it was no longer Possart that one saw, but the naughty little boy who so much preferred the open country to going to church, and who, disregarding his mother's warning that the bell would come and fetch him if he did not go as he was bid, again played truant. One was aware of the least suspicion of a doubt in the child's mind till, as the bell stopped ringing, he felt that he could afford to laugh at his fears and enjoy his holiday; and then, how short-lived was his joy!—as with dismay and terror he realized that the great bell was coming after him, waddling and rocking in his wake, and that if it caught him up it would—oh, terrible thought—cover him

completely! Helter-skelter, he turned and ran back to the church, and the awful fear that the bell might again come chasing him if he disobeyed its call, made of the poor little chap a faithful and punctual churchgoer for ever afterwards.

It was Possart who started those excellent performances of classical plays which were for a time given at the Prince Regent Theatre on Sunday afternoons, and in which he often took part. They were very popular, and it was amusing to watch—as one wended one's way across the Hofgarten and down the broad Prinz Regenten Strasse—how the side streets each yielded its quota of people to the swelling ranks, all headed in the same direction. On over the Isar, up the steps of the flimsy Peace Monument, past Franz Stuck's Grecian villa, the crowd grew steadily till it reached its goal. It was a true Sunday crowd too, there was no jostling, no hurry; the people were out for a holiday, and quiet and good nature were the order of the day. After the midday glare, the cool grey of the auditorium was grateful to the senses, as one waited expectantly for the heavy dark curtains to part. Our censorious friends would doubtless shake their heads in solemn disapproval of such outrageous Sabbath-breaking, and yet it seems to me there are worse ways of spending the day than in witnessing the great classics of the world, well performed. How many sermons are there, for instance, to compare with Lessing's "Nathan der Weise"? To hear Possart tell the story of the ring, that wonderful fable of toleration and broad humanity, with an earnestness and depth of understanding that were enhanced by his flawless diction, was something not to be forgotten.

For a man as busy as the Intendant of the Royal Theatres to add acting to his arduous duties, must have meant indefatigable energy and interest as well as strength. I remember on one occasion leaving the Prince Regent Theatre while Possart, still in costume, was bowing to an enthusiastic audience, who were recalling him again and again. I hurried back across the river to the old Opera House, where a performance of "Tristan" was due to commence at six o'clock that evening. After a hurried bite in the foyer, I went in, glanced around the house, and there, in evening dress, was Possart, quietly seated in his box. As a spectator, he was always keen, and was quick to appreciate and applaud the good acting of others; but if any untoward noises occurred he would disappear precipitately behind the scenes, and it was not hard to believe in his reputation of being a stern disciplinarian. His career was a brilliant one, legitimately achieved through hard work. Of his many and widely varying rôles, that of Shylock was possibly his greatest, though in his life-like personification of Napoleon he was perhaps nearer to his real self. To Possart and Hermann Levi were due in large part the musical festivals in Munich, including not only the performances of the Wagner operas at the Prince Regent Theatre, but the charming representations of the Mozart operas in that most suitable setting, the little rococo theatre of the Residenz.

JOURNEYMAN.

ART.

AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

PHILADELPHIA has been rejoicing this month in an exhibition of pictures representing the later tendencies in American art, and covering the ground so thoroughly that the visitor has been given the material on which to base an estimate of the value of the work that is being done in our new schools of painting. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in opening its galleries for this exhibition, has shown a breadth of vision that places the American public in its debt; for the example thus set by the oldest art-institution in this country will undoubtedly be followed by other public galleries, even as the recent important exhibitions at the Brooklyn Museum and the Metropolitan Museum may be said to owe some measure

of their inspiration to the Pennsylvania Academy's showing of modern art which was reviewed in these columns a year ago.

It is of course a matter of real importance that representative works such as were on view in Philadelphia be shown throughout the country, for the American people need such evidence as this of the readiness of our artists to think and work along new lines. Those who have had the experience of presenting any phase of modern thought to the American people know of the widespread ignorance that prevails, and yet are aware also of the eagerness for more knowledge on the part of those men and women whose reading or travel has given them some contact with new ideas. The opposition that one encounters in this country is never the deep-rooted conservatism of Europe; again and again one finds support coming from men whose own work gives no indication of their being friendly to innovations. In the mind of many an old painter there lurk memories of the progressive movement in the Paris of his youth; and if circumstance has cheated him of the opportunity to keep up the struggle, he is glad that the opening for a freer expression has come to the new generation.

The general impression that one receives from the Philadelphia exhibition is one of sincerity, intelligence and vigour. There is a reminiscent quality about much of the work, the names of the great modern Frenchmen may easily be evoked; but it would be a mistake to pronounce them in condemnation of these American painters, who have been wise in accepting the lessons of the only school which to-day—as for a century past—represents the creative spirit in art.

Two points suggest themselves in this connexion. One is raised by the presence of a Swiss exhibition in the adjoining rooms of the Academy. If it is not the best that the painters of that country can give us, it at least affords us a fair idea of the quality of Swiss painting to-day, and one need not fear the charge of chauvinism in judging the work in the American exhibit to be by far the better. A comparison of American art with German, Italian or Spanish art of the newer schools would be more difficult to support, but we may feel assured that such differences as appeared would not make us look on the work of our American painters as inferior.

The essential point, however, concerns the possibility of our American artists putting forth the really creative effort that is the especial glory of the French. We have seen three principal influences affecting our national art in the last sixty years, and each time we have hoped that our painters would emerge from the period of their apprenticeship and begin to work on ideas that were no longer derived from Europe but originated here. As time passes, however, we see always more clearly that the Inness-Wyant-Martin group was only an American outcome of the School of 1830 (which, by the way, was about the time when those artists were born); the generation of Whistler, Sargent and Chase did no more than report to us the ideas on Velasquez and the Japanese that were stirring Paris and London forty years ago, while in the case of the Impressionists the chances of our having added anything to the knowledge of painting that had been achieved by Europeans is even slighter. Some fine examples of the Impressionist school were indeed produced by certain of our artists—John H. Twachtman and J. Alden Weir, for example—and it argues well for American progressiveness that painters like these should have been quick to grasp the vital idea of their day. Yet we can not hope for anything more than minor artists in this country until our younger men are ready to carry on the process of evolution without waiting to be shown by Paris the course they shall pursue.

The most encouraging thing about the show in Philadelphia is that it represents a greater readiness to deal with new and developing ideas than has yet been shown by any American school. It is not making art a mere matter of fashion, like hats, to say that the ideas which served one generation as a means of expression often can

not serve in that capacity in a later time. It is important, then, since we in this country are more and more caught up in the current of European thought, that we keep abreast of it, lest we find that the things that we fondly imagine to be our own discoveries have been common knowledge abroad for several years.

From this standpoint, one may not make any extreme claims for the exhibitors at the Pennsylvania Academy. The show is inspiring in its alertness and in the amount of genuine talent displayed. It should convince everyone capable of understanding modern art that these are American pictures worthy of the name and are quite unlike the work shown in the annual Academy Exhibition and in the conservative, i.e., imitative, shows at the galleries throughout the country. It is surely to this group represented in Philadelphia and not to the rest of our artists that we must look for the achievement that we hope may be forthcoming in the new period that is now upon us.

The line of demarcation must not be drawn too sharply, however, by the limits of this exhibition. There are a few absentees whom one misses and regrets; there are also a number of painters here whose work unmistakably betrays them as having settled down to a modernist academism as dead as the academism of the academy. There is always a "Bouguereau of the new movement" to use Degas's telling phrase—there are always a good many, in fact, and it is they who are usually the first to be accepted by the jurymen, who know them to be of their own kind, whatever the mask they may be wearing. Mere revolt is, of course, only a negative quality: and in examining the Philadelphia exhibition in detail we must look only for the things that indicate real worth.

On this score it would seem that no one in sympathy with the painting of the last decade can afford to neglect the work of Mr. A. S. Baylinson, and the present writer, in comparing his impressions of two visits with the settled ideas that come with reflection, is of the opinion that Mr. Baylinson's canvases contain more of valid accomplishment than anything else shown in these galleries. No other work faces more honestly our latter-day problem of expressing the thing seen by emphasizing those aspects which impress the artist—of taking the lights and solids in the architecture of the painting from those features of the subject that have seemed essential to the artist, of treating as dark and unsubstantial the things that appeared as accidents. The art of Mr. Baylinson is to-day a studious, tenacious and reticent one, but its beauty, if less appealing than that of several other exhibitors, has in it every promise of development.

Of a different type is the fineness of the drawings by Mr. Alfred J. Frueh. Instead of a meditation on the artist's means we have here a direct approach to life, with art entering in through the observer's absorption in his subject. The apparently hasty sketch of the lovers rewards our study by revealing that what seemed at first to be the artlessness of this little street-song is really the product of endless study, wherein felicitous line has become the easy bearer of the idea and the sentiment.

How different again is the drawing of a head by Mr. Morris Kantor. With Mr. Kantor an instinctive feeling for form and tone is given full play. This reliance on personal impulse gives his paintings a note that is different from any other in the exhibition. In this little drawing the modern freedom has led to an almost classic rendering of form, and yet as one smiles—with amusement or with pleasure—at this painter's strange designs, the word "classic" would seem to be about the last word that one would be likely to use in describing his work. Somewhat akin to the art of Mr. Kantor is that of Mr. Alfred H. Maurer, save that with the latter the following of instinct has behind it a long process of evolution, every stage of which has been marked by the same fresh enthusiasm, the same surprising ability to accept new forms whenever they seemed more fruitful than those that had preceded them. Thus, clearly both the reflective and impulsive types of artists are needed if we are to progress independently towards a national art-form.

It was with a fine understanding of the tendencies that

this exhibition aimed to represent that the Committee invited the work of Mr. John Sloan. His "Painting of a Girl" makes abundantly clear the artists's interest in the modern conceptions of form and colour, while his etchings—aside from their always surprising technical mastery—exhibit a phase of contemporary research that no one, since Winslow Homer's death, has carried so far. One realizes before Mr. Sloan's work that the outlook on life and character is as much an element of modernism as any technical question of æsthetics.

Before the fine work of Messrs. Sheeler, Garvey, Robus, de Zayas, Kahler, Newman, Marin, Hartley, Of, Taylor, Weber and Pandick, we return to tussle with æsthetic problems. The bare mention of their names must here suffice, though the art of each merits discussion, but it is not possible within the limits of this article, even to mention all the artists who are worthy of individual study in this remarkable exhibition. The longer one remained in those Philadelphia galleries, and the more one thinks about what one saw there the greater becomes one's respect for what our artists have been doing within the last few years, and the more hopeful one feels for the future.

Then, to return to the final measure of values that modern French art affords and to estimate the distance we, in this country, have still to go, let me advise the reader while he is in Philadelphia to pay a visit (if he is fortunate enough to be favoured with an invitation) to that astonishingly beautiful collection of modern classics belonging to Dr. Barnes. This collection represents the work of the last decades of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth, with a wealth of Cézannes and Renoirs that are overpowering in their beauty and make one doubt that we in America have reached any important result after all. But the test is too severe, probably even misleading. Modern American painters may fail to meet it and may yet have achieved important things. The Barnes collection shows us the flower of a great period that has closed. The show at the Pennsylvania Academy reveals in part the struggle of a new period. It is beside the point to say that we have not the centuries of French tradition behind us: even in France it seems certain that art has passed one of its great summits and is now beginning to develop along a new line of evolution. It is not the perspective in which we already see Renoir that makes him seem to us so purely classical: it is that his art is so different from that of the younger generation. That which made Cézanne the object of such intense study by the younger men was his reaching out to new problems. These are the things that are occupying our young men to-day. I repeat that it is the first time that American artists have been engaged on the living idea while it still possesses its generating capacity. That this advantage is appreciated and understood and that we may now begin to look for research instead of mere repetition in American art is the best feature of the Pennsylvania Academy showing.

WALTER PACH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE DECAY OF SNOBBERY.

SIRS: Why does your contributor, Mr. Michael Monahan, write of snobbishness as if it were a new thing? It is as old—and as amusing—as mankind. Certainly it is to be laughed at; and men of real character and worth, who have a sense of humour, enjoy watching its antics as they enjoy reading about it in "The Book of Snobs." It is only those who would be "Shine-towners" themselves if they could, who are embittered by the Shine-town airs and graces. One who is in reality superior "in heart and brain" has no soil in which "seeds of envy, hatred and alienation" can spring. He can laugh at the snobs because he does not long to be like them. It is equally absurd to assert that there is "in our free country a growing cult of snobbishness." Certainly there is less of snobbery now than when the present writer was a youth—amongst not only men, but women.

Why doesn't Mr. Monahan's friend move away from Shine-town? But what's the use? He would find something, or many things, to envy and growl about even if he took the 6.14 from Plebville. Moreover, I suspect that he really wants to be a recognized Shine-towner. I am, etc.,

L. M. P.

THE CHARACTER OF PAUL.

SIRS: I have been much entertained by a recent article in the *Freeman*, 20 April, entitled "Without Benefit of Clergy." I should be surprised to learn that the writer had reached his conclusions in regard to the character of Paul from a study of the literature of the New Testament. His description or rather interpretation, though witty, seems to me inaccurate and uncritical. The views of Renan and von Soden seem to me to accord much better with the documentary evidence. Although the *Freeman* is not the place for critical exegesis, I think that your readers may be interested in another interpretation of Paul.

That Paul had any qualms of conscience whatever in appealing to Cæsar seems doubtful. He was a Roman citizen and had no reason not to be proud of it. In politics he was a stand-patter. To him Cæsar was Cæsar by divine grace. It was God's will that the temporal powers be honoured and obeyed. The early Christians had no quarrel with Rome before the persecutions which came at a later date than that of which we are speaking. The writer of the Acts is at his best when he is showing how *legal* were the doings of the Christians.

As to Paul's relations with women they were very natural and very ordinary. His women friends were numerous and their devotion to the "cause" most appreciated by him. They formed the backbone of his movement as they did in many of the other Oriental cults in the West. He lived with these devout women, sent messages to them and by them. But if anyone spoke of marriage it simply indicated that the speaker had not grasped his message. It is to be borne in mind that the only real interest attached by practical persons to the resurrection of Jesus was that it was the prelude and voucher for his prompt return. Paul believed that the *end of the world* was *at hand*. In the interval between the resurrection and the return, it was the business of every Christian to prepare the world for that event. His scorn of those who talked of *new* marriages was natural. Marriage under such conditions as he preached was irrelevant and trivial, an indication of little mindedness on the part of those who concerned themselves with such things. I am, etc.,

Madison, Wisconsin.

PERCY M. DAWSON.

THE WEAPON OF THE BOYCOTT.

SIRS: In recent issues of your paper you have made some brief observations on the subject of boycotts, in the course of which you have suggested that a thoroughgoing study of the boycott by a competent economist would be quite worth while. I am not an economist, and an eviscerating study such as I suppose you have in mind is out of my line. I am very much interested in the boycott idea, however, partly because the boycott appears to be one of the few weapons of offence and defence which the individual and the public may avail themselves of nowadays without fear of going to jail, and partly because, as I have observed it in operation, it has often seemed to be extraordinarily ineffective. There would be some satisfaction if one could think that the situation is only one more of those in which the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, but I find myself inclining to the conclusion that in this case the real trouble is with the spirit and not with the flesh.

Theoretically, of course, the problem is simplicity itself. Some one, you think, has injured you, or cheated you, or slandered you, or opposed some ambition of yours which you think entirely legitimate and wise. It is the same if what you complain of has been done to your friends or your countrymen instead of to you personally, and you unselfishly throw in your lot with theirs. You can not pommel the offender or hale him into court, because the law is rather likely to be on his side and you may in the end suffer uncomfortable pains and penalties yourself. So you boycott him. You do not buy his goods, or invest in his securities, or hire him to work for you, or employ his professional services. You do not take this course simply for the purpose of inflicting upon him an injury which shall match the injury which he has done; you were probably taught in Sunday-school or college that you should love your enemies and that two wrongs do not make a right. What you mean to do is to punish your enemy as you think he deserves to be punished by cutting off his

trade or his income. If he yields to pressure and reforms, the boycott has been successful; if he persists until his business is ruined, that only shows that his iniquity was ineradicable and that he has gotten what he deserved. In either case you have made your moral protest and morality has carried the day.

I have no doubt whatever but that, if this perfectly simple plan of direct action were consistently carried out by the people who feel aggrieved, the Augean stables of trade and politics would speedily receive a more thorough cleansing than they have had for many a day. What troubles me is that the plan appears to be so seldom carried out with even a decent approach to consistency, and that in spite of all the blowing of trumpets the walls of Jericho do not fall. The shopkeeper goes on gouging, the manufacturer continues to cheapen his product while keeping up the price, the trust starves or surfeits the market as arbitrarily as ever, the doctor and the lawyer continue to charge what they think the traffic will bear, and the injured public pays. I know the explanations that are for ever offered: the boycott was not general enough, it was not well organized, it was not kept up, the offending individuals or corporations made concessions, enthusiasm waned, and so on and so on. Doubtless every one of these explanations is important. But I still think that the reason why so many boycotts fail is that they are not, save in a narrow and shrivelled way, really boycotts at all.

It was, I believe, President Hadley who pointed out some years ago—it must have been before he became the President of Yale and when it was safer to say such things—that one of the surest ways of breaking the power of the trusts was to institute a social boycott of their directors, their agents, and their beneficiaries. If you don't approve of a trust, don't associate with the trust magnate. Don't dine with him, or play golf with him, or ride in his automobile unless he has run you down and offers to take you to the hospital. don't spend week-ends at his country-place. Mr. Hadley, as an economist of undeniable repute and a man of the world as well, must of course have known that most people would never have an opportunity of expressing their sentiments in this way, since most of them would never be invited to do any of the things referred to, except possibly to go to the hospital, and hence could not very well decline; and I seem to remember that he was a good deal laughed at in the newspapers for having said a very silly and unpractical thing. But it has always seemed to me that he hit the nail pretty squarely on the head. No boycott is likely to be successful if it does no more than pick at the surface of things, or if it confines itself to one or two particular examples of bad conduct. It somehow must affect social relations as well as trade over the counter. It can not be confined to the grocery store or the insurance office and be forgotten the moment one enters a church or a club. If you are going to boycott you must really boycott, not merely play at boycotting.

Take Ireland as a current illustration. If ever a people had a grievance against their Government for its unjust and brutal treatment of them, that people is the Irish. If ever a Government merited moral repudiation at the hands of civilized mankind, the Lloyd George Government merits it. Since a war with Great Britain over Ireland has not yet been seriously considered, however, Irish people and their sympathizers in America have undertaken to punish Great Britain by boycotting British-controlled insurance companies in this country. It is an admirable idea, and I am glad to hear that some hundreds of thousands, or perhaps millions, of dollars in insurance premiums have been diverted from the British till. But I wonder if the Irish in the United States are also boycotting the agents and employees of the British-controlled companies; if they are ferretting out the American holders of the stock and boycotting them; if they are making it difficult for these British representatives to deposit in banks or trade at the store because of the fear of a boycott if the patronage is accepted. Perhaps I am in error, but I doubt very much if Irish-Americans are consistently doing any of these things. Even if they are, they must still know that the life of the Lloyd George Government does not depend upon the state of the British insurance business in America. I wonder, too, how many Irish-Americans who pride themselves on having changed their insurance policies are still wearing British cloth, eating with British cutlery, drinking British tea, smoking British tobacco in British pipes, and exchanging British cigarettes in the office or at the club with men who, they know, loathe Ireland and the Irish and who would be glad to see Irish resistance crushed. If you really mean to boycott, you red-blooded and patriotic friends of Irish freedom, why not make sure work of it and not merely parade and shout about the edges?

The line must be drawn somewhere, of course. One can not go on for ever boycotting everybody and everything he does not like. Most of us feel under some sort of obligation to live, and hence must sometimes bow to sheer necessity while all the while holding fast to principle in the heart. As a matter of practical expediency, there is a certain advantage in not being invincibly opposed to too many persons or things all at the same time. But I am convinced that we all could use the weapon of the boycott much more effectively than most of us have ever tried to use it, if only we would summon a little more courage and resolution and perseverance. Most men can stand the loss of their property or their job, because that happens often enough through no notable fault of the loser and there is always the hope of recovering the one or the other in due time. Few men, however, can long bear to be shunned or ignored when they know that they are being ostracized because of their contemptible treatment of their fellows. If, once a boycott had been decided upon, those who resort to it were to give it the penetrating chill of an Arctic blast, more than one stubborn upholder of privilege and injustice would before long be on his knees. I am, etc.,
New York City.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

BOOKS.

NEW RUSSIAN POETRY.¹

RUSSIAN poetry has fared less fortunately than the Russian novel as a medium for conveying Russian thoughts and feelings to the English-speaking world. It would be no exaggeration to say that the English and American public knows nothing at all of Russian poetry. Far from doing honour to the poets of Russia, what few translations we possess of their work merely succeed in making them appear thoroughly banal and hopelessly destitute of word-magic. Consider the following:

On the midnight sky flew an angel,
And sang a peaceful song,
The moon, the stars, the clouds in crowds
All listened rapt and long.

One would hardly suppose that these lines of Lermontov's, taken from a translation appearing in a recent issue of the *Russian Review* of New York, are among the most beautiful in the Russian language, and that Lermontov, who owes something to Byron, is much finer than his master as a musician of words. It is precisely this difference between the two poets that makes Byron so comparatively easy to render into Russian and Lermontov hard to make into English; this apart from the greater flexibility of Russian and its incomparably greater wealth of rhymes. Moreover, Russians have been fortunate in that English poets have been translated into Russian by men who are themselves great poets; but English poets, ignorant of Russian, have not been in a position to return the compliment. Some day, perhaps, the poets of the English-speaking world may know Russian as to-day they know French; we may then possess not a few poetic treasures, as inaccessible now as Russian novels were fifty years ago, and hardly less valuable.

Present-day conditions in Russia having made it difficult to obtain the work of Russian poets even in their original, the recent appearance in Prague of Mme. Melnikova-Papoushkova's "Anthology of Twentieth Century Russian Poetry" is timely as it is welcome. The selection is fairly representative. The first volume includes the so-called "older modernists"—Balmont, Briussov, Sologub, Merejkovsky, Hippius and A. Tolstoy. All these poets appeared at a time of

intense political repression, which in 1905, after the Japanese War, culminated in the famous "abortive revolution." The moral apathy created by these internal disorders had the effect of driving the best poets to seek an imaginary world and to preoccupation with form. This "art for art's sake" movement succeeded in producing some exquisite works, which inevitably were associated with the idea of "decadence," an idea entirely foreign to Russian nature and tradition. It had temporary life; Russian poets can not for long leave the social idea out of their work. A Russian writer, as Professor Masaryk has pointed out, must be a prophet, if anything. The poets began to forsake their goddesses and their classic temples and things of abstract beauty, and return to everyday themes more in harmony with the Russian temperament. Hippius, Merejkovsky, and several other poets actually issued a manifesto in which they categorically rejected the past and called upon their colleagues to perform some honest and useful work for the people. Factory and labour themes began to appear more and more in poetry; even such an elegant poet as Briussov, who had previously "lifted up prayers to Astarte and Hecate," was now writing such songs as "The Mason":

Mason, oh mason, in your white apron,
What are you building? For whom?
Let us alone, don't you see we are busy
We are building, building a gaol.

Mason, oh mason, with faithful trowel,
Who in this gaol shall weep?
To be sure, neither you nor your rich brother;
You have no reason to steal.

Mason, oh mason, those long nights—
Who'll pass them there without sleep?
Maybe my son, a workman like me:
Our lot is full of such things.

Mason, oh mason, do you think he'll remember
Those who carried the bricks?
Take care, now! Don't dally with words . . .
We too know all—be still.

Strangely enough, the second volume of the Anthology includes Solovyov, who died in 1900, and therefore, strictly speaking, does not belong among the twentieth-century poets. The compiler explains his inclusion by the fact that the younger Russian modernists, such as Blok, Byely, Ivanov and Voloshin, who form the nucleus of the Symbolist group, owe not a little to their tardily recognized leader. The symbolism of these writers has taken on a national, religious-philosophical character established by Solovyov. He has now been accorded a place beside Pushkin and Tyutchev as an interpreter of the Russian national spirit and of Russia's "mission," especially in relation to Europe. The work of these poets, which is essentially religious and mystical, has its counterpart in prose in the work of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. This fact is of particular interest just now, since at least two of the poets included in the Anthology, Blok and Byely, are now appearing as the chief poetical exponents of "spiritual Maximalism" (Bolshevism); nor can they be disregarded, for their poetic gifts are of a very high order. Blok has written some of the most beautiful poems in the Russian language; Byely has made some extraordinary experiments with verse, has written a voluminous and valuable work on symbolism, and is the author of "St. Petersburg," the most notable Russian novel published during the last decade. Moreover, their writings to-day are not inconsistent with their pre-revolutionary writings; it would be more true to say that they are a culmination.

¹"Antologia Russkoi Poezii XX Stolyetia." Compiled by H. F. Melnikova-Papoushkova. Two Volumes. Prague: "Nasha Retch."

"Dvynadzat." Alexander Blok. Paris: "Mishen."

"Ispitanye IV. Groze I. Bure." Ivanov-Razumnik. Berlin: Verlag

"Skythen."
"Rossiya 1. Inoniya." Ivanov-Razumnik, Andrey Byely and Sergey Esenin. Berlin: Verlag: "Skythen."

The recent productions of these poets—"The Twelve" and "Scythians" by Blok, "Christ is Risen" by Byely, and "The Comrade" and "Inonia" ("Another Country") by Sergey Yesenin—illustrate the doctrine about the duality of Russia so admirably set forth by Professor Masaryk in "The Spirit of Russia," which can be summed up in a phrase: the Russian sceptic's need to believe. The Russian poet sees suffering and blood and destruction all around him, and it seems incredible to him that all this should be for nothing. He believes in it, too, in a way, since he hates the "old world" and wants to see it destroyed. But destruction in itself he regards as senseless. Hence he must believe in destruction with a purpose. What is that purpose? Russia, leading the way through blood and fire—here one has the old conception of Russia's Messianic mission in a new form—must show the old world to Inonia, "another country":

I promise you the city Inonia,
Where lives the God of the living!

I see you, O Inonia,
With mountains with golden peaks!

If one does not get a clear idea from Yesenin's poem of what Inonia is like, one is not left in doubt of its being quite unlike the old world. With the aid of that well-known critic, Ivanov-Razumnik, we are given to understand that, when the poet speaks of "spitting Christ's body out of his mouth," he means the bourgeois Christ, not the real Christ; that when he says that he would "even pluck God's beard out with his teeth," he means the bourgeois God, not his Maximalist God. This is meant to explain, not to ridicule: for Yesenin has a firm conviction that the present, that is the old world, is Antichrist, and to do him justice, he often writes beautifully about it.

What is particularly interesting is the conception of Christ—the Christ of the sword—which is common to all three poets. We have seen in the lately translated "Twelve" how Blok has put Christ at the head of his twelve Bolsheviks. A better illustration of this duality of the Russian character—a duality manifestly due to Russia's peculiar position between the East and West—is to be found in Blok's "Scythians," in which the poet compares Russia with the ancient riddle, before which the modern Œdipus, Europe, stands in bewilderment:

O, old world! While you are yet alone,
While still struggling with sweet torture,
Pause, all-wise, like Œdipus,
Before the Sphinx with ancient riddle!

Russia is a Sphinx. Exultant and afflicted,
And drenched with darkened blood,
She gazes, gazes, gazes upon you
With hatred and with love.

Yes, so loves, how deeply loves our blood,
It is long since anyone of you has loved so!
You have forgotten that there is a love,
Which burns, and also kills!

Earlier in the poem, the poet reminds Europe how Russia had once saved her from the Mongols, whose domination threatens her again. He speaks:

Come to us! From terrors of war
Come to embrace in peace!
Before too late—the old sword in the scabbard.
Comrades! We'll become brothers!

But if not—we have nought to lose,
And perfidy is accessible to us!
Ages and ages—you shall be accursed
By a sick, too late posterity.

Wide across the debris and the woods
Before Europe we shall sprucely
Scatter! Then we shall turn upon you
With our Asiatic face!

So it is that Russia can go either East or West, and the poet places the burden of the choice upon Europe. The fear of the possibility of Russia's going East seems to obsess other writers. In his recent book on Russia, Mr. Wells says that this is the nightmare of Gorky's existence.

As is evident from the title of his poem—"Christ is Risen," Byely is not so pessimistic. The present is a Golgotha. Though men do not understand, to him it is clear that:

... precisely in these days and hours—
The world mystery is being enacted. . . .

My land is a grave.
Spreading a pale cross. . . .

The railway line . . .
The red, green, blue, small flames,
And the flying upward signals—
All, all, all
Gives promise
Of the impossible. . . .

The distant sounding locomotives,
Running on the rails,
Repeat:
'All hail
To the Third International!' . . .

The telegraphic tape throws out:
'The Third International!'

O Russia,
Mine—
Is a God-bearer,
A conquering Serpent.

We thus see the strange spectacle of political Bolshevism denying a God and "spiritual Bolshevism," with no less fervour, affirming a God. Howsoever one may disagree with the political, social or religious doctrines promulgated in these poems, one can not deny that they can stand the test of literature.

JOHN COUNOS.

THE GUILD-SOCIALIST COMMUNITY.

MR. G. D. H. COLE's new book is the fullest exposition we have yet had of his ideas on the guild-socialist community. "Guild Socialism" is frankly less of a "practical" work than his recent "Chaos and Order in Industry," for it is concerned less with explaining the causes of the present industrial upheavals in England than with outlining the form of the new society that will replace the present fast disintegrating system, if, as Mr. Cole believes they will, labour and industry follow the tendencies of the national guilds. Events, however, move with such uncommon swiftness in these days that students of society may well find this later study urgently needed for their guidance before many more months pass.

"The guild-system is one of industrial partnership between the worker and the public," writes Mr. Cole in "Chaos and Order in Industry," and now in his new volume he describes the method of achieving and carrying out such a partnership. Existing democratic systems are an illusion in that they grant to the common man the privilege of choosing his rulers, but never the opportunity to rule for himself. As Mr. Cole puts it:

A press which can only be conducted with the support of rich capitalists and advertisers, an expensive machinery of elections, a regime in the schools which differs for rich and poor and affords a training for power in the one case and for subjection

¹ "The Twelve." Alexander Blok. Translated by Babette Deutsch and Abraham Yarmolinsky. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

² "Guild Socialism." G. D. H. Cole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

in the other, a regime in industry which carries on the divergent lessons of the schools—these and a hundred other influences combine to make the real political power of one rich man infinitely greater than that of one who is poor.

Now as long as the workers "have to employ their industrial organization as almost the sole means at their disposal for making their will felt," the present trade union is of necessity largely restrictive and negative in its action. It can not give orders as to the way the factories shall run, it can, practically speaking, only impose prohibitions. For the future productiveness of society, either "the power of the unions to impose restrictions must be broken or it must be transformed from a negative into a positive power"; in other words, from acting merely as a brake on privately-owned industry the trade union must become the national guild, possessing full control and responsible to the public for the conduct of an industry publicly owned.

Such, in brief, is Mr. Cole's argument. Democracy, he says, is real only when it is conceived in terms of function. Free choice of, constant contact with, and considerable control over, each representative are the essentials of democratic representation. To this end a man should have as many distinct and separately exercised votes as he has distinct social purposes and interests. The State, as we know it to-day, finds little place in the guild-nation. Its substitute is a greatly decentralized control exercised by the whole nation through various communal councils, industrial and civic guilds that will be local, regional or national in scope according to their function. The working and structure of the commune, as Mr. Cole describes them, intricate as they at first seem, are, as he justly asserts, infinitely more simple than the present complexity of parliamentary, capitalist, labour, professional, cultural and legal forms of social organization.

Mr. Cole's final chapters offer a discriminating analysis of the ways in which the social change is likely to come, at any rate in English-speaking lands. Mr. Cole is no seeker after red revolt, but he sees clearly enough that the ultimate decision will lie to a great extent with the defenders of the present system. They will, in all probability, be the challengers, and they will undoubtedly choose the weapons. The aim of the guildsmen is, therefore, not revolution,

but the consolidation of all forces on the lines of evolutionary development with a view to making the 'revolution,' which in one sense must come, as little as possible a civil war and as much as possible a registration of accomplished facts and a culmination of tendencies already in operation.

W. H. CROOK.

A CONQUISTADOR FROM PICCADILLY.

ONCE Cunninghame Graham said to me, his eyes twinkling, his hand indicating infinity in a gesture, "Come to Fez. I'll do the rest." Alas, I did not. My timidity has been a lasting regret. What an adventure to have journeyed into the interior with this dandy Socialist, this most romantic of travellers and historians, who is equally at home in Paraguay and in Piccadilly, and as easy in manner with a loquacious British stevedore as with a silent Arab chief.

So I have to be content with other memories of him, which began in the late 'eighties, in a Trafalgar Square riot about freedom of speech or something akin. The Lancers galloped gravely round the Square, and the show of their armour sufficed. The crowd scattered, and the leaders were locked up, Cunninghame Graham, I think, among them. He was then member of Parliament for Lanarkshire, and he had joined his friends, the workingmen, in their vigorous protest, because he is always for the under-dog, or for a Don Quixote ideal.

He is a rebel, but his rebellion is against stupidity, bigotry and injustice. Like Mr. Hilaire Belloc he soon found that politics are a cumbersome medium for righting wrongs; and he became impatient with recurring stone walls. So he glided into literature, not to the novel but to the rambling short story, without plot, without

much form, but always with some ironic elucidation of out-of-the-way characters, or the telling of episodes that had wound into his intelligence on one of his journeys to Latin America, North Africa, or anywhere. His fictional rambles telling of things seen and heard, never invented, have been published in little books with ironic titles such as "Success," "Progress," "Hope." You will find episodes, too, imbedded in his long books of history and travel; and he talks much as he writes, except that his elocution is clear and caressing, and his calligraphy vile.

For months he will disappear: then one afternoon he will stroll into the club, balance himself on the arm of a chair, and, if he be in the mood, tell where he has been, or comment on some stupidity in the morning paper with the air of a man of the world who never forgets that life is romantic, and that it is the duty, in a levelling age, for those who are picturesque to play the part. I suppose that his three chief interests are horses, adventurous men, and the by-ways of history.

I had always heard that Cunninghame Graham is half Spanish Don, and half Scottish Laird. "Who's Who" is silent on the Don distinction; but it is recorded that he married Gabriela, daughter of Don Francisco José de la Bolmondière. He is Cunninghame Graham of Ardoch, the friend of real men and all animals, and the foe and derider of shams.

He is a subjective writer. Nothing happens which does not pass through his imagination. He is without fear morally and physically, and being what he is he prints his own portrait as a frontispiece to his latest book, "Cartagena and the Banks of the Sinu." With some writers this might seem mere vanity. Not with Cunninghame Graham. You see him there in the photograph, mounted on "Lucero": he surveys the world, erect and picturesque, from the seashore of Cartagena, and the reader feels that the portrait was inevitable. He sits upright in his saddle, "after the fashion of all Spanish Americans"; he is playing the game, and if you ask me what the game is I will transcribe a passage from "Cartagena." It is evening in the plaza:

There goes Don Placido, some one remarks. Don Placido, seeing he is observed, recollects he has forgotten something at the corner store. Then, taking his horse well by the head, he spurs it surreptitiously on the off side, making it plunge, and then dropping his hat he pretends to be annoyed, and stooping from the saddle picks it up gracefully, regains his seat as easily as if he were a circus-rider, talks for a moment to the storekeeper, and again crosses the square, this time at the best pace his horse can muster up.

If you are a true Conquistador the game is the same in Rotten Row in the season, as in the plaza of Cartagena, but in London the *beau geste* is necessarily less obvious.

Cartagena de Indias, so called to distinguish it from Cartagena in Spain, Cartagena de Indias at the mouth of the Sinu, a Nile in miniature, where is it? It is the capital of the Province of Bolivar in Colombia, an ancient city with a vivid history, entirely suited to Cunninghame Graham's vivid pen. Almost against my inclination he makes me interested in this historic city with its Indian past and a climate "in which a man can hardly tolerate a shirt." Yet is it not Cunninghame Graham himself that we are interested in—his asides, his comments, and his swift pictures of episodes and characters? He went there, I take it, to round up cattle and buy them for the British Government. None could have done it better. Will he forgive me if I say that the best things in the book are his account of the voyage out through perilous seas, the yarn of a sailorman who was torpedoed, and yes, the story in the preface of the German and the Englishman who saved the "Santa Barbara."

Cunninghame Graham writes long books sometimes, but his line is the *conte*, or the long drawn-out episode told vivaciously, with humour and pathos and the ironic twist—horses, men, and history—he, sitting with a rein in his hand, not a pen, for that means labour, and riding

¹ "Cartagena and the Banks of the Sinu." R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

sobre-paso, the over-pace that was common in Europe in the Middle Ages. For, although he wears the neatest of modern clothes and always the right hats, he remains a gentleman-adventurer, rather lost in the muddle of civilization, who still goes riding forth, seeking his kin in Mexico, in Texas, in Paraguay, and Cartagena. Then a book about it: then another adventure. Behold an author who has never "taken a note on any subject under heaven, nor kept a diary." He lives his adventures, recording what memory permits him to remember; and he never preaches.

C. LEWIS HIND.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE limpid and unstudied style of Mr. W. H. Hudson seems to create its own accompaniment, and as one follows the text one catches the overtones of running water and faintly stirring leaves, which set the rhythm for his prose. Mr. Hudson avails himself of what might be termed a presumption of general receptivity on the part of the reader, and one has to be more or less keyed to his mood in order to draw full enjoyment from his work. Nowhere in Mr. Hudson's recent writings has this requirement on the reader's part been more called for than in "Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn," two tales of divergent materials but essentially similar rhythm. "Dead Man's Plack" recounts the tragedy of King Edgar and his queen, Elfrida, and its strange consequences. A relentless study of remorse, built up swiftly with plottings and perfidies, it is related throughout in flowing, unemphatic, almost pastoral prose—richly effective through its very simplicity. The briefer story, "An Old Thorn," embodies one of those fragments of folk-lore into which Mr. Hudson delights to delve, and here he discloses those quiet graces of style and sympathy and observation which lie at the foundation of his distinction as a writer of narrative. L. B.

DR. WILLIAMS is a man who believes there is no cure for humanity. So he makes lists of humanity's symptoms or of his own symptoms and calls these improvisations,² or poems, as the fit takes him. No doubt he is right. In one sense, humanity is incurable. In another sense, if humanity can not be cured—or at least mended—there is no reason for anyone to go on writing at all. One writes because one believes in this world sufficiently to make writing for it worth while. Otherwise there is absolutely no excuse whatever for writing. There is certainly no excuse for Dr. Williams's writing. Is it good? It is certainly new. But the new is not necessarily the good, nor the old the good. The only standard whereby we may judge is, what does the work say? What does Dr. Williams say, in effect? That literature is a bad job, and humanity in a bad way. This has been said before, ever since Solomon. Any novel way of putting it is merely a dodge for wrapping up platitudes in a different kind of statement. Literature, however, depends not on the kind but on the degree of statement. Dr. Williams's quarrel, expressed in these pages, is as much with literature as with life. What more can we say, then, but that this book ought never to have been written? The book itself is merely a symptom: a symptom of the disease that is pervading America as it has pervaded Europe. This disease may be described bluntly as a lack of critical standards on the part of both writer and public. There is no cure for it except the raising of the critical standard. Those who accept this fact will know at what level to place Dr. Williams. J. G. F.

It is useless for Mr. Belfort Bax to prepare the readers of his autobiography, which he calls "Reminiscences and Reflexions of a Mid- and Late-Victorian,"³ against the "detractory animadversions of the anonymous critic who wants to be 'nasty.'" He has selected his reminiscences on the principle of damping down, as far as possible, the personal note, and as a result he has written one of the most colourless accounts that have ever been done of a period whose very greyness Henderson's "Bernard Shaw," Mackail's "Morris," and Jackson's "The Eighteen-Nineties" have stippled in the most lively tones of the palette. Mr. Bax is one of those sturdy, crotchety British geniuses whose existence Taine was always trying to explicate; he represents the nonconformist rather than the cavalier strain in English letters, and although his opinions

are usually "worlds apart" from Samuel Butler's, he resembles his greater contemporary in that odd personal independence which caused both of them to play a lone hand against the dominant literary and scientific cliques of their time. Mr. Bax has an acerbity all his own, however, and one somehow feels that his opinions could suffer no worse affront than by winning an easy agreement from his audience. The rationalism for which Mr. Bax fought so doughtily in the full tide of Victorian sentimentalism is to-day such a commonplace that the author's covert assumption of Satanic heroism in flouting the old conventions of religion, sex, and property falls as flat in these latter days as the paradoxes of Oscar Wilde. But if the revolutionists of the Victorian period now appear to be nearly as tedious as the effigies against which they fought, this does not mean that the campaign was not an important one, nor that the part played by the old Clarté group does not deserve a lasting tribute of respect. The fact is that these old fighters won their battle, and their books are the tombstones that mark a departed heroism. Mr. Bax's biography is as dull as his period—but his life clearly rises above it. L. M.

AMID the routine of his profession, the modern journalist is inclined to trick himself into the belief that he is an integral part of the daily drama which he records. The race he runs is a sprinting one, with breathless intervals, and it is not surprising that he hugs the illusion that it could not go on without him. Not until he is retired, and sees the years of incessant and rather fruitless struggling diminished by retrospection, does he discover the ephemeral quality of his achievement, and face the fraud in his vanishing fame. Then he comes to perceive that what remains of his career is sadly analogous to the coloured woman's disapproval of the merry-go-round: "Yo' pays yo money; yo' travels, but whar' yo' been?" With this realization coming upon him, the journalist is tempted to plunge back into the field, and emerge with the only trophy still within his grasp—a volume of reminiscences. Such a retrieved chronicle is "Chestnuts and Small Beer,"¹ a composite of names, anecdotes, chatter and observation concerning men and events, set down in a manner which is frankly—almost disarmingly—superficial. Like the incorrigible journalist that he is, the author of this volume cheerfully declines to exercise discrimination or to worry over what may or may not get into the record. Self-confessed as a dramatic critic "too fond of the theatre to be unkind to it, and too friendly with most of the actors to be censorious"; a music critic, "knowing nothing at all about music"; the author of a life of Newman having "no intimate knowledge of the subject"; an interviewer of Bret Harte confessing that "the conversation was mostly on commonplace subjects and was distinguished by nothing very memorable," Mr. Jennings falls back on the gas-tronomic boast of having partaken of more than 7,000 public and semi-public meals—a statistical confession which is embellished by the enumeration of celebrities who, at one time or another, sustained the honour of breaking bread with him. L. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

A GREAT artist, a great writer, is not to be judged by his influence upon other artists, other writers. It could easily be shown, it has been shown, that Milton's genius perverted English poetry for generations, and it is a proverb that Michelangelo was the ruin of Italian painting. Irresistible in their own craft, among their own folk, is the ascendancy of such men, and there appears to be no law that governs, for good or ill, the times of their coming. Side by side with a Dante or a Pushkin, emerging at a moment when the forces of a people's life, assembled or assembling, want only the direction a supreme spirit can give them, one finds these calamitous irruptions of genius at moments when a people's life is already perhaps in decay, concurring with the forces of decay, which, but for them, or under the influence of a different sort of spirit, might have been arrested. This is to speak only from the point of view of the nation and the craft; in the general sense, in the human sense, is the great artist ever inopportune? Is the ox to be judged by the fate of the frogs who, under the spell of his propinquity and driven to imitate him, burst themselves in the process? The greatness of Whitman, for example, who can ever now

¹ "Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn." W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

² "Kora in Hell: Improvisations." William Carlos Williams. Boston: Four Seas Company.

³ "Reminiscences and Reflexions of a Mid- and Late-Victorian." Ernest Belfort Bax. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

¹ "Chestnuts and Small Beer." H. J. Jennings. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

impugn? Yet in certain respects, in its relations of time and place, Whitman's influence, it seems to me, has been more than dubious. I am thinking of our literature, over which he has cast that long, luminous shadow of his, and I believe that much of its weakness lies at his door. How ironical it is, if it is true, that he who prophesied for this country a "class of native authors fit to cope with our occasions" should have contributed to postpone its coming!

To Whitman, certainly, the literary craft in this country owes its greatest possession—if it were a possession—that imposing idea of its office and its opportunity thanks to which "Democratic Vistas" will always be the Bible of American writers.

Few are aware how the great literature penetrates all, gives hue to all, shapes aggregates and individuals, and, after subtle ways, with irresistible power, constructs, sustains, demolishes at will. . . . At all times, perhaps, the central point in any nation, and that whence it is itself really swayed the most, and whence it sways others, is its national literature, especially its archetypal poems. . . . View'd to-day, from a point of view sufficiently overarching, the problem of humanity all over the civilized world is social and religious, and is to be finally met and treated by literature. . . . Our fundamental want to-day in the United States, with closest, amplest reference to present conditions, and to the future, is of a class, and the clear idea of a class, of native authors. . . . permeating the whole mass of American mentality, taste, belief, breathing into it a new breath of life.

If Whitman has bequeathed to his fellow-writers this conception of their office, what a conception of their opportunity he has also bequeathed to them! Never, amid all the hope and faith of this same "Democratic Vistas," has the actual countenance of America received such a terrible scrutiny; for Whitman's eye can be as pitiless as Ibsen's. Yet after all these years it is not only Whitman's diagnosis of our society that remains true; his description of our literature, as Mr. Mencken has pointed out, remains true, or too largely true, also. We are in the midst of a "revival"—one can hardly question that; and its results are not to be foreseen. But thus far, if the literature produced by this revival deserves a more respectful treatment than Whitman gave the literature of half a century ago; if one can not say flatly that it is "profoundly sophisticated, insane" and that "its very joy is morbid," neither can one assert that it has progressed very far in the realization of Whitman's idea: "the literature, songs, æsthetics, etc., of a country are of importance principally because they furnish the materials and suggestions of personality for the women and men of that country and enforce them in a thousand effective ways." Have I implied that for this Whitman is himself in a measure to blame? I mean simply that, whatever our contemporary literature may be, it takes its character largely from him. His influence has been irresistible; evidently, therefore, owing to the conditions of our life, that influence is peculiarly unfitted to bring about the very results that he desired.

It was from Carlyle, I suppose, that Whitman derived his idea of the writer's office, that idea which originated with Fichte and which, to this day, impregnates the literatures of Northern Europe. Only a few years ago, for example, Chekhov expressed it in these words: "The power and salvation of a people lie in its intelligentsia, in the intellectuals who think honestly, feel, and can work." In these words Chekhov expresses not only the idea but its implications as well. The Germans, the Russians, the Scandinavians, indeed, among whom this view of the writer, the intellectual, has chiefly prevailed, have always understood its implications, its consequences. Regarding the purpose of literature as the "elevation of the type Man," they have realized that this can be achieved only by a perpetual effort of self-discipline, self-development, self-empowerment, on the part of the few: for them the mere fact of being a writer, an intellectual, entails the obligation of being a sort of pacemaker also. And this means selection, discrimination, struggle. "No shepherd and a herd!" says Nietzsche. "Each desires the same, each is equal to the other! But because life needs a height, it needs stairs and a conflict among the steps and among

those ascending them." Is the idea of a class of "sacerdotal authors," in short, separable from the idea of a spiritual aristocracy? And is it possible for a literature to produce such a class in which this latter idea has not taken root? But aristocracy demands a perpendicular as well as a horizontal development, and it is just this that has no place in Whitmanism at all. "Who touches this book touches a man," and there was never a man more magnetic. But was there ever a man less likely to breed in those who touched him the very desires that his philosophy of the writer's rôle demanded?

WHITMAN, the prophet of the "spontaneous life," whose every gesture was the negation of discipline, struggle, selection, who accepted all things living "on equal terms"? In his own soul, as in the common earth, the weeds and the flowers grew up together. Those foibles that became so evident in his later years, his fatuous garrulity, his naïve *réclame*, his bold ignorance, his peasant cunning showed that even his spirit was not "naturally" universal; never having worked on himself, he had never "squeezed the slave out of himself" (to quote Chekhov again), he whose character contained so little of the slave. What did all this matter in Whitman? What mattered his profound animal indolence, his passivity, his folding of the hands? This great, serene Quaker, with his miraculous draught of life—was not his own rôle precisely *not* to make distinctions, or to separate in himself one element from another, but to reveal for once nature itself incarnate in a human being? It was by means of the spontaneous life that Whitman, in his own person, thanks to a unique endowment, thanks only to that, realized his ideal of the writer. But one can easily see that as a precedent, as the precedent (for his unique endowment made him this), nothing—if one accepts the validity of that ideal, or any other ideal of the artist, could have been more disastrous. Does not everything else in our life, our so largely flaccid and pusillanimous American life, combine to make it so?

If Cleopatra's nose had been longer! If Whitman had not been stricken with paralysis the whole course of our contemporary literature might have been different. It is entirely possible that if he had not become an invalid in middle life Whitman would have passed into a second stage of development and set working in our literature the leaven without which it will never have either depth or elevation: we know that "Leaves of Grass" as it stands is only the arc of a projected circle. As things are, and to speak in Whitman's name, has not Whitmanism gone too long unchallenged? Spontaneous enough our contemporary literature is: but to what has this spontaneity led? "The message of the former periods," says a writer in the current *Dial*, "notably in the great periods of productivity, has been spiritual in the collective sense—permeated with religious thought; to-day it testifies to individual psychology and mirrors scientific experiment." That this is not true of half a dozen writers one could name does not alter the general condition; that the general condition is an advance on the "perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work" of the literature that followed the Civil War does not alter the fact that we are still very far from redeeming the promise of "Democratic Vistas." The great literature of our day is just as much "spiritual in the collective sense" as it has ever been; the name of Knut Hamsun alone would be enough to prove it. Great literature will never be anything else. As for our own literature, it is still at the awkward age, with a good deal of the impudent refractoriness of Peck's Bad Boy. "Spontaneous me!"

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Emperor Jones; Different; The Straw," by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright.

"Notes on Life and Letters," by Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

"A Survey of English Literature," by Oliver Elton. 4 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company.

From WHO'S WHO

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